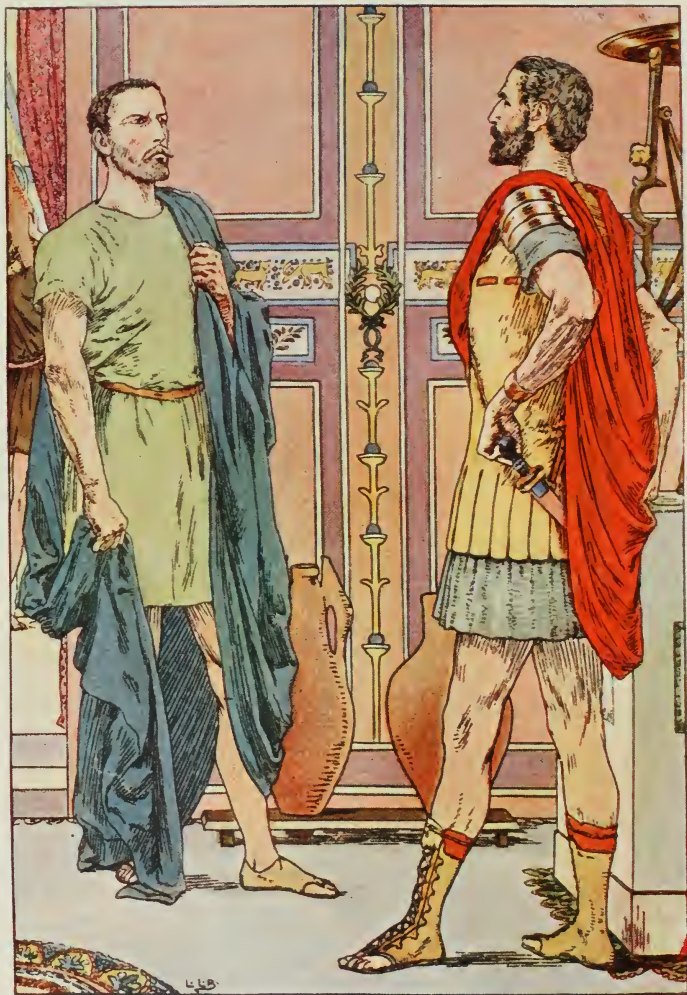


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Judith J. Harris



AUFIDIUS: "I know thee not. Thy name?"
CORIOLANUS: "My name is Caius Marcius"

CORIOLANUS Act IV Scene 5



Booklovers Edition

Coriolanus

by
William Shakespeare



*With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study*



The University Society
New York

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THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS. 190

Preface.

The First Edition. *Coriolanus* was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it was originally placed at the head of the division of "Tragedies," occupying pages 1-30; subsequently, however, *Troilus and Cressida* was placed before it. The text of the play is extremely unsatisfactory, due to the careless transcript put into the printers' hands.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Nov. 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

The Date of Composition. There is no definite external evidence for the date of *Coriolanus* :* general considerations of style, diction, and metrical tests† point to 1608-1610 as the most probable years, and justify us in

* The reference to the "ripest mulberry" (III. ii. 79) was thought by Malone and Chalmers to bear on the date; for in 1609 the King made an attempt to encourage the breeding of silkworms. Similarly, Chalmers found in the references to famine and death allusions to the year 1609. Political allusions have also been found. All these doubtful pieces of evidence seem utterly valueless.

† The light-endings and weak-endings, scanty in all the previous plays (the largest number being 21 of the former, and 2 of the latter, in *Macbeth*), reach the number of 71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony*; 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*; 78 and 52 in *Cymbeline*; 42 and 25 in *The Tempest*; 57 and 43 in *The Winter's Tale*. All these are plays of Shakespeare's Fourth, or last, Period.

placing it next to *Antony and Cleopatra*, closely connected with it by consideration of subject and source.

The Source of the Plot. *Coriolanus* was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*," the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens*, and which has been fittingly described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." North's monumental version is one of the masterpieces of English prose, and no better proof exists than a comparison of the play with its original. Shakespeare has borrowed North's very vocabulary, and many of his most striking effects; so closely does he follow the whole history that North's prose may actually assist in restoring a defective passage; e.g. in Act II. Sc. iii. ll. 251-253 the folio reads:—

"And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
Was his great Ancestor ;"

the lines are obviously corrupt, owing to the loss of some words, or of a whole line; the passage is adequately restored simply by "following Shakespeare's practice of taking so many of North's words in their order, as would fall into blank verse," and there is little doubt that it should be printed thus:—

"[And *Censorinus* that was so surnamed,]
And nobly named so, *twice being Censor* ;"

the words given in italics are those taken from North. As an instance of the closeness of the play to its original the following lines afford an excellent illustration:—

"Should we be silent *and not speak*, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither ;"

Shakespeare has here merely touched with the magic of his genius these words of North:—"If we held our peace (my son) and determined *not to speak the state of our poor bodies*, and present sight of *our raiment* would easily *bewray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile* and abode abroad. But *think how with thyself, how much more unfortunately* than all the women living we are come hither.*" The same correspondence is found in the other great speech of the play; "the two speeches," as Mr. George Wyndham excellently observes, "dressed the one in perfect prose, the other in perfect verse, are both essentially the same under their faintly yet magically varied raiment."

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarised on its title-page:—"The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer, PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, translated out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and out of French into English by THOMAS NORTH. 1579."

*"Unfortunately" in the editions of 1579, 1595, 1603; but "unfortunate" in the 1612 edition; hence some scholars argue that Shakespeare must have used the late edition, and that the play must therefore be dated 1612 or after; the argument may, however, be used the other way round; the emendation in the 1612 edition of North may have been, and probably was, derived from Shakespeare's text.

In this connection it is worth while noting that there is a copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch* in the Greenock Library, with the initials "W. S." In the first place, it is not certain that the signature is genuine; in the second, if it were proved to be Shakespeare's, it would merely seem that Shakespeare possessed this late edition of the work. *Julius Cæsar* is sufficient evidence that he possessed a copy of one of the early editions. It happens that in the Greenock copy there are some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and these seem to me to tell against the genuineness of the initials on the fly-leaf. *Vide* Skeat's "*Shakespeare's Plutarch*," Introduction.

Preface

THE TRAGEDY OF

A worthy tribute to North's memory is the noble edition of his work, now in course of publication, in the "Tudor Translation Series," issued by Mr. Nutt, with an introductory study of rare excellence by Mr. Wyndham; his dedicatory words should be remembered:—"THIS TRANSFIGURATION IN UNFADING ENGLISH OF AN IMMORTAL BOOK."

Duration of Action. The time of this play is eleven days represented on the stage with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. Interval. Day 2, Act I. Sc. ii. Interval. Day 3, Act I. Sc. iii. to x. Interval. Day 4, Act II. Sc. i. Interval. Day 5, Act II. Sc. ii. to Act IV. Sc. ii. Day 6, Act IV. Sc. iii. Day 7, Act IV. Sc. iv. and v. Interval. Day 8, Act IV. Sc. vi. Interval. Day 9, Act IV. Sc. vii. Interval. Day 10, Act V. Sc. i.-v. Interval. Day 11, Act V. Sc. vi.

The actual Historical time represented in this play "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266" (*vide New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877*).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome ensues a famine, which is relieved by a free distribution of corn. This allowance encourages the plebeians to make further demands upon the patricians, from whom they ask corn henceforth at their own price. As a concession, five tribunes elected by themselves are allowed to represent them—two of whom, Sicinius Velutus and Junius Brutus, are demagogues, and, therefore, opposed to Caius Marcius, a high-minded nobleman, who will not curry favour with the populace. Naturally Marcius is unpopular, in spite of a splendid military record; but war breaking out at this time with the Volscians, he is enabled to regain popular favour and win fresh glory. He does such heroic deeds at Corioli that the two other generals and all the army enthusiastically greet him with the title of Coriolanus.

II. A triumph is accorded Coriolanus on his return to Rome; and the senate elects him consul. It is necessary, however, that he should also have the "voice of the people" through open solicitation. To the proud, reserved man the task is a hard one, and his overtures to the citizens are made so awkwardly, that although he is privately given their voice, they are discontented, and it needs only the influence of Sicinius and Brutus to cause them to repent their decision.

III. When it comes to the open choice of Coriolanus for consul the fickle people disavow him. His ire is

aroused, causing him to make vehement statements against the popular rights. The utterances are gladly seized upon and made use of by the two tribunes, who condemn him to exile, by decree of the people.

IV. Deeply wounded at the ingratitude, and thirsting for revenge, Coriolanus goes to Antium where his Volscian foe, Tullus Aufidius, dwells. He makes peace with that general, who is delighted to acquire the aid of the stoutest arm in Italy just at a time when a new campaign against the Romans is being planned, though he soon after begins to dread Coriolanus's power. The expedition proceeds against Rome, to the utter dismay of the tribunes and their adherents.

V. The Roman forces being powerless to cope with the invasion, send peaceful embassies to Coriolanus, now encamped with Aufidius near the capital city. Though Coriolanus's staunchest friends are sent to him, he remains obdurate until his well-beloved mother and his wife come to make powerful entreaty. He cannot withstand their prayers, and raises the siege without striking a blow. The Volscian army returns to Antium. Coriolanus attempts to justify his conduct to the lords of the city, and doubtless would have succeeded on account of his numerous conquests, had not Aufidius used his final action before Rome for a text to charge him with treachery. In the ensuing dispute some conspirators hired by Aufidius assassinate Coriolanus.

McSPADDEN : *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Coriolanus—His Strength and His Weakness.

A haughty and passionate feeling, a superb egotism, are with Coriolanus the sources of weakness and of strength. The tragic study of the play is not that of patricians with plebeians but of Coriolanus with his own

self. It is not the Roman people who bring about his destruction; it is the patrician haughtiness and passionate self-will of Coriolanus himself. Were the contest of political parties the chief interest of Shakspeare's drama, the figures of the tribunes must have been drawn upon a larger scale. They would have been endowed with something more than "foxship." As representatives of a great principle, or of a power constantly tending in one direction, they might have appeared worthy rivals of the leaders of the patrician party; and the fall of Coriolanus would be signalized by some conquest and advance of the tide of popular power. Shakspeare's drama is the drama of individuality, including under this name all those bonds of duty and of affection which attach man to his fellow man, but not impersonal principles and ideas. The passion of patriotism, high-toned and enthusiastic, stands with Shakspeare instead of general political principles and ideas; and the life of the individual is widened and elevated by the national life, to which the individual surrenders himself with gladness and with pride.

The pride of Coriolanus is, however, not that which comes from self-surrender to and union with some power or person or principle higher than one's self. It is twofold—a passionate self-esteem which is essentially egoistic, and, secondly, a passionate prejudice of class. His nature is the reverse of cold and selfish; his sympathies are deep, warm, and generous; but a line, hard and fast, has been drawn for him by the aristocratic tradition, and it is only within that line that he permits his sympathies to play. To the surprise of the tribunes, he can accept, well pleased, a subordinate command under Cominius. He yields with kindly condescension to accept the devotion and fidelity of Menenius, and cherishes towards the old man a filial regard—the feeling of a son who has the consciousness that he is greater than his father. He must dismiss Menenius disappointed from the Volscian camp; but he contrives an innocent fraud by means of which the old senator will fancy that he has effected

more for the peace of Rome than another could. For Virgilia, the gentle woman in whom his heart finds rest. Coriolanus has a manly tenderness and constant freshness of adhesion:—

“ O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since ! ”

. . . The weakness, the inconstancy, and the incapacity of apprehending facts which are the vices of the people, reflect and repeat themselves in the great patrician ; his aristocratic vices counterbalance their plebeian. He is rigid and obstinate ; but under the influence of an angry egoism he can renounce his principles, his party, and his native city. He will not bear away to his private use the paltry booty of the Volsces ; but to obtain the consulship he is urged by his proud mother and his patrician friends to stand bareheaded before the mob, to expose his wounds, to sue for their votes, to give his heart the lie, to bend the knee like a beggar asking an alms. The judgement and blood of Coriolanus are ill commingled ; he desires the end, but can only half submit to the means which are necessary to attain that end ; he has not sufficient self-control to enable him to dispose of those chances of which he is lord. And so he mars his fortune.

• The pride of Coriolanus, as Mr. Hudson has observed, is “ rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion ; insomuch that if a spark of provocation is struck into the latter, the former instantly flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of common sense.” Now, such passion as this Shakspeare knew to be weakness, and not strength ; and by this uncontrollable violence of temper Coriolanus draws down upon himself his banishment from Rome and his subsequent fate.

DOWDEN : *Shakspeare*.

Coriolanus himself stands out, in Shakespeare, yet more than in Plutarch, as a giant among pigmies. He has the surpassing excellences of the true aristocrat, and seems to embody at once the aristocratic ideals of heroic Greece and of feudal chivalry. He scorns money and pain; he has a natural eloquence always at command, and everything he says is impressed with an indefinable greatness. Less "churlish and solitary" than in Plutarch, for Shakespeare gives him the adoring friendship of Menenius and Cominius, he is at bottom more "uncivil," less fit for citizenship, more impracticable in his passionate self-will. This aspect of his character Shakespeare has emphasised with a series of admirably imagined strokes. It is only in the drama that Coriolanus revolts against the traditional ceremony of displaying his wounds, and declaims, with the naïve unreason of a headstrong nature, against the authority of "custom," on which his own patrician privilege ultimately rested. His vengeance is far more sweeping and uncompromising. He comes to burn Rome, not to get reasonable concessions for his allies; far from "keeping the Noble men's lands and goods safe from harm and burning," he sternly dismisses the appeal of his noble friends for discrimination; he cannot stay to pick the few grains of wheat in a pile

Of noisome musty chaff.

Political partisanship is effaced in the fury of personal vengeance. Here and there the egoism of the aristocratic temper triumphs in a trait of sarcastic humour, as in the case of the poor man in Corioli who had befriended him, and whose life he wished to save, but whose name was "By Jupiter! forgot."

Coriolanus, says Mr. Barrett Wendell, owes his fate to "a passionate excess of inherently noble traits, whose very nobility unfits them for survival in the ignoble world about them." He represents "aristocracy as nobly worthy of dominance as in Henry V., and yet as inexorably doomed as in Antony." But the man who pic-

tured Henry before Agincourt among the common soldiers hardly thought that the insolent hauteur of Coriolanus was sufficiently explained and excused by his having to lead a "musty superfluity" of "dissentious rogues." The tribunes themselves are permitted to utter a palpable home-truth, when they tell him:—

You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Even Coriolanus's valour is described with a fire chiefly of the imagination. The magnificent battle-poetry of this play betrays no martial enthusiasm, like that which glows so transparently in the choruses of *Henry V.* The career of Coriolanus, with his fabulous, yet, in the sequel, futile valour, is a satire upon militarism; and the sublime images in which his feats are told—he "struck Corioli like a planet"—"as weeds before a vessel under sail, so men obey'd and fell below his stem"—only make the undertone of irony more explicit. Shakespeare had dared to laugh at Achilles and Ajax; but the Homeric grandeur of Coriolanus (communicated through an utterly un-Homeric style) conceals a not less bitter sense of the futilities of heroism.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Volumnia.

He [Coriolanus] is prouder of his mother than of himself; cares more to please her than himself; owns no titles to honour in himself but what he can refer to that honoured source, nor covets any returns but such as will magnify the part she has in him; in brief, he looks up to her as a superior being whose benediction is the best grace of his life; and his profound awe of her person and of her rights in him is itself a principle of such in-

trinsic greatness and energy as would burst asunder the cold, dry ligatures of an ignoble and ungenerous nature. When, upon her coming out to intercede with him, he says, "My mother bows; as if Olympus to a molehill should in supplication nod," we have the sublimity of filial reverence, imaged in a form not more magnificent in itself than characteristic of the speaker.

Volumnia has the same essential greatness of character, and the same high-strung pride; the whole being cast, however, in a perfectly feminine mould, and rendered mellow and considerate by a larger experience and a more disinterested spirit. More firm and steady, too, because less passionate, her pride is never inflamed into any breach of propriety and decorum; on the contrary, she seems to become more dignified and self-possessed when her pride is chafed and galled. And her energy of will and thought, if not greater than her son's, yet in the end outwrestles his, because it proceeds on grounds less selfish and personal. It was a very profound insight of woman's nature that led the Poet to represent her as exhorting her son to temporise with the people, and to use arts for conciliating them which had no allowance in his bosom's truth; for even so woman, as having less of wilfulness and more of sensibility in the reason, naturally judges the quality of an action more by the consequences which she hopes or fears therefrom. What a story does the life of this mother and this son, with their reciprocal action and influence, as set forth in the play, tell us of the old Roman matronage, and of that profound religion toward womanhood which formed so large and powerful an element in the social constitution of republican Rome! And what a comment does this deep awe of motherhood, taken along with the history of that wonderful nation, read upon the precept, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!" for reverence of children to their fathers is the principle that binds together successive generations in one continuous

life. So that the loosening or impairing of this tie is the beginning of national dissolution. For, in forgetting the past, men do but teach the future to forget themselves; and where we find a present that honours not a past, there we may be sure the very genius of nationality is gone.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Virgilia.

This name [of Coriolanus—"My gracious silence"—] for his wife, who, while the others are receiving him with loud rejoicings, meets and welcomes him with speechless happiness looking out from her swimming eyes, is conceived in the very fulness of poetical and Shakespearian perfection. It comprises the gracefulness of beauty which distinguishes her, and the gracious effect which her muteness of love-joy has upon him who shrinks from noisy applause and even from merely expressed approbation; and it wonderfully concentrates into one felicitous word the silent softness that characterizes Virgilia throughout. She is precisely the woman—formed by nature gentle in manner, and rendered by circumstances sparing in speech—to inspire the fondest affection in such a man as Coriolanus; and we accordingly find him a passionately attached husband. The few words he addresses to her in the course of the play are among the most intense utterances of spousal enamouredness that even Shakespeare has written. The dramatic portrait of Virgilia we have always considered to be one of the very finest of the Poet's sketch-productions. It is put in with the most masterly touches; it paints her by very few strokes, very few colours; but they are so true, so exquisitely artistic, that they present her to the life. She is supremely gentle, and, like most women whose gentleness is their chief characteristic, singularly immovable,

not to say obstinate, when once resolved; she is habitually silent, as the wife of such a man as Coriolanus and daughter-in-law of such a woman as Volumnia would assuredly become, being naturally of a gentle disposition; and this combination of gentleness and silence is wonderfully drawn by Shakespeare throughout the character-portrait, and as wonderfully condensed here into one expressive name.

CLARKE: *Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.*

V.

Aufidius.

The varying feelings of Aufidius are such as may be often observed to arise in the contentions of able and ambitious men for honour or power, and are just such as would, under these circumstances, be natural in a mind like that of Aufidius—ambitious, proud, and bold, with many noble and generous qualities, yet not above the influence of selfish and vindictive emotions and desires. The mortification of defeat embitters his rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion, too, finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think that I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VI.

Menenius.

If there be any person in the play whom the Poet shows a leaning to more than another, it is old Menenius,

a frank, patriotic, liberal soul, who is genially and lovingly humourous towards the people even when his eye is upon their faults, yet free and upright in reproving them, though at the same time sensible of their virtues; who smilingly stoops to play jokes upon them, that so he may soothe and sweeten their exasperated minds; exercising his good-natured wit to heal as fast as his sharpness wounds; and thus standing at an equal remove from the insulting aristocrat and the snaky demagogue.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Aristocracy Against Democracy.

Shakespear has in this play shown himself well versed in history and state affairs. *Coriolanus* is a storehouse of political commonplaces. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading Burke's *Reflections*, or Paine's *Rights of Man*, or the Debates in both Houses of Parliament since the French Revolution or our own. The arguments for and against aristocracy or democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, peace and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher. Shakespear himself seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin; and to have spared no occasion of bating the rabble. What he says of them is very true: what he says of their betters is also very true, though he dwells less upon it.

The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor; therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves: therefore they ought to be beaten. They work

hard; therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden. They are ignorant; therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest—that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions; which seek to aggrandize what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny absolute.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A theatrical audience of those days was, to Shakespeare's eyes at any rate, an uncultivated horde, and it was this crowd which represented to him "the people." He may have looked upon them in his youth with a certain amount of good will and forbearance, but they had become entirely odious to him now. It was undoubtedly the constant spectacle of the "*understanders*," and the atmosphere of their exhalations, which caused his scorn to flame so fiercely over democratic movements and their leaders, and all that ingratitude and lack of perception which, to him, represented "the people."

With his necessarily slight historical knowledge and insight, Shakespeare would look upon the old days of both Rome and England in precisely the same light in which he saw his own times. His first Roman drama testifies to his innately anti-democratic tendencies. He seized with avidity upon every instance in Plutarch of the stupidity and brutality of the masses. Recall, for example, the scene in which the mob murders Cinna, the poet, for no better reason than its fury against Cinna, the conspirator (*Julius Cæsar*, III. iii.).

This point of view meets us again and again in *Coriolanus*; and whereas, in his earlier plays, it was only occasionally and, as it were, accidentally expressed, it has now grown and strengthened into deliberate utterance.

BRANDES: *William Shakespear.*

The humorous scenes which give the play variety were entirely contributed by Shakespeare; and the presentation of the mob is highly characteristic. The Poet hated the irrationality and violence of untrained men. Coriolanus never for a moment conceals his contempt for them:—

I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

This is quite in accord with Casca's contempt for the "rabblement" which "hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath," because Cæsar refused the crown. This contempt finds its most satiric expression in Jack Cade's manifesto:—

"Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass."

In complete contrast with this conception of the common people as a mere rabble, full of passion and devoid of ideas, stands Coriolanus—a typical aristocrat, with the virtues of the aristocrat: courage, indifference to pain, scorn of money, independence of thought, command of eloquence, and natural aptitude for leadership. These great qualities are neutralized by colossal egotism, manifesting itself in a pride so irrational and insistent that, sooner or later, by the necessity of its nature, it must produce the tragic conflict. Coriolanus, in spite of his great faults, has heroic proportions, and fills the play with the sense of his superiority; he lives and dies like a true tragic hero.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

VIII.

Dramatic Features.

There is more unity in the tragedy of *Coriolanus* than in either of the other Roman plays; yet, grand and powerful as it is, its tragical interest is less than that of *Julius Cæsar* and its poetical merit less than that of *Antony and Cleopatra*. There is something hard about it, both in sentiment and in style. The delineation of social and personal pride is not a subject to evoke much sympathy or emotion, and although it may in its course reach sublime heights, its sublimity is wholly independent of moral greatness. Of all Shakespeare's greater works, this is the most difficult to construe; the unintelligibility of several passages is doubtless due to some corruption of the text, but besides this, the general style is exceedingly obscure, and overloaded with metaphorical and elliptical expressions. Even the great scene between Coriolanus and his mother is not of uniform excellence.

STAPFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity*.

The Tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune, fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is perhaps too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays*.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

TITUS LARTIUS, }
COMINIUS, } *generals against the Volscians.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*

YOUNG MARCIUS, *son of Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,
Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and
other Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.*

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict? 10

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens: the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the 20

object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

30

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

40

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

50

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath
always loved the people.

First Cit. He 's one honest enough: would all the rest
were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go
you.

With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate;
they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we 60
intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em, in deeds.
They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they
shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neigh-
bours,

Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them 70
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies. 80

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must 90
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it: 100
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Likelabour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile, 110
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, 120
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Mcn. What then?
'Fore me this fellow speaks! what then? what then?

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

Mcn. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Mcn. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. You 're long about it.

Mcn. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate, 131
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man, 140
 The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
 You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark
 me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. ' Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each,
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this? 150

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members: for examine
 Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
 Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
 No public benefit which you receive
 But it proceeds or comes from them to you
 And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
 You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost: 161
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
 Lead'st first to win some vantage.
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
 The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter 170
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness

Deserves your hate; and your affections are 180
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead.
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else 190
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

Mcn. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,

Who thrives and who declines ; side factions and give
out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth, 200
And let me use my sword, I 'ld make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds 211
They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath! 220
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what 's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader, 231
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'ld revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius, 240
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius! 250

First Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; begone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all
but Sicinius and Brutus.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon. 260

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he 's well graced, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform 270
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion, 280
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is:
[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not
known

Whether for east or west: the dearth is great; 10
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

First Sen. Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when 20
They needs must show themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They 've not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that; 30

I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Rome. A room in Marcius' house.

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down on
two low stools, and sit.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself
in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my
husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence
wherein he won honour than in the embracements
of his bed where he would show most love.
When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the
only son of my womb; when youth with come-
liness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day
of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him
an hour from her beholding; I, considering how 10
honour would become such a person; that it was
no better than picture-like to hang by the wall,
if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him
seek danger where he was like to find fame. To
a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,

his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,
I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was
a man-child, than now in first seeing he had
proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam: how 20
then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son:
I therein would have found issue. Hear me
profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in
my love alike, and none less dear than thine and
my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die
nobly for their country than one voluptuously
surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself. 30

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volscres shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome': his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire. 40

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy; the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck. 50

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it! 60

Vol. One on 's father's moods. 70

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: 80
come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you, 90
shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak 100
it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you
in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but 110
disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well,
then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia,
turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along
with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I
wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Before Corioli.

*Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius,
Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, 10
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others,
on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drum afar off.

Are bringing forth our youth! we 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!

[Alarum far off.

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes 20
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave
Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my
fellows:

He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches.
Re-enter Marcius, cursing.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you, 30

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
 Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
 Farther than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and he'll!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe. 39
 And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[Enters the gates.]

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

Sec. Sol. Nor I. *[Marcius is shut in.]*

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[Alarum continues.]

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, 50
 Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart.

O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left,
 Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world 60
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol.

Look, sir.

Lart.

O, 'tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

Scene V.

Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Sec. Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, 10
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, 20
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*]
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are
come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encounter-
ing,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, 10
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

CORIOLANUS

Act I. Sc. vi.

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart 30
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone; 41
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did

Retire to win our purpose. 50

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
• We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set we against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but, 60
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report; 70
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

*[They all shout, and wave their swords; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the
rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.

Scene VII.

The gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[Exeunt.

Scene VIII.

*A field of battle between the Roman and the
Volscian camps.*

*Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, Marcius
and Aufidius.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

*[They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid
of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be
driven in breathless.]*

Officious and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene IX.

The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, from one side, Cominius with the Romans; from the other side, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast. 10
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that 's what I can: induced
As you have been; that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know 20
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 40

[A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!'
cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and
Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which without note here 's many else have done,
 You shout me forth 50
 In acclamations hyperbolical ;
 As if I loved my little should be dieted
 In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
 More cruel to your good report than grateful
 To us that give you truly : by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we 'll put you,
 Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which, 60
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging ; and from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIO LANUS. Bear
 The addition nobly ever !

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no : howbeit, I thank you : 70
 I mean to stride your steed ; and at all times
 To undercrest your good addition
 To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent ;
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
 The best, with whom we may articulate

For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot: 90
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X.

The camp of the Volsces.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody,
with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements, 10
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol.

He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol.

Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you— 30
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol.

I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

10

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

20

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud? 30

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could! 40

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give 50

me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: 60
and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps 70
and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the 80
peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you

are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it
is not worth the wagging of your beards; and 90
your beards deserve not so honourable a grave
as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed
in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying,
Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation,
is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion;
though peradventure some of the best of 'em
were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your wor-
ships: more of your conversation would infect
my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly
plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. 100
[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*]

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the
moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do
you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius ap-
proaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous
approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.
Hoo! Marcius coming home? 110

Vir. }
Val. } Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath
another, his wife another; and, I think, there's
one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: a
letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 120

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time 130 home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the 140 senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

150

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh; there's 160
nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in 's nery arm doth lie; 169
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [Kneels.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; 180
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? [To *Valeria*] O my sweet lady,
pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home: 190
And welcome, general: and ye're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right. 200

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours :
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited ;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy : only
There 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, 210
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol !
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him : your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks,
windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing 220
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were silyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may, 230
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours; which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he 240
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

CORIOLANUS

Act II. Sc. i.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills, 250
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows 260
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and 270
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of

the people is as bad as that which he dislikes,
to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country:
and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as
those who, having been supple and courteous
to the people, bonneted, without any further
deed to have them at all into their estimation 30
and report: but he hath so planted his honours
in their eyes and his actions in their hearts,
that for their tongues to be silent and not
confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful
injury; to report otherwise were a malice that,
giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and re-
buke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man:
make way, they are coming.

*A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the
Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and
Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes
take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.*

Men. Having determined of the Volsces and 40
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank and to remember 50

With honours like himself.

First Sen.

Speak, good Cominius :

Leave nothing out for length, and make us think

Rather our state's defective for requital

Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*] Masters
o' the people,

We do request your kindest ears, and after,

Your loving motion toward the common body,

To yield what passes here.

Sic.

We are convented

Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts

Inclinable to honour and advance

The theme of our assembly.

Bru.

Which the rather 60

We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember

A kinder value of the people than

He hath hereto prized them at.

Men.

That's off, that's off ;

I would you rather had been silent. Please you

To hear Cominius speak?

Bru.

Most willingly :

But yet my caution was more pertinent

Than the rebuke you give it.

Men.

He loves your people ;

But tie him not to be their bedfellow.

Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go
away.*] Nay, keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear

70

What you have nobly done.

Cor.

Your honours' pardon :

I had rather have my wounds to heal again,

Than hear say how I got them.

CORIOLANUS

Act II. Sc. ii.

- Bru.* Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
- Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
- Men.* Pray now, sit down.
- Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*]
- Men.* Masters of the people, 80
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
- Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years, 90
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed 100
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot 111
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all 's his:
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate, 120
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men.

Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com.

Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards 130
His deeds with doing them, and is content

CORIOLANUS

Act II. Sc. ii.

To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble:

Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them, 140
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please
you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus; 150
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did condemn what he requested 160
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but
it is a power that we have no power to do: for
if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds,
we are to put our tongues into those wounds
and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble
deeds, we must also tell him our noble accept-
ance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for 10
the multitude to be ungrateful, were to make a

monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass. 20

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward. 30

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. 40
I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore 50 follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. *[Exeunt Citizens.]*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me, the gods! 60
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. *[Exit.]*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. *[Re-enter two of the*
Citizens.] So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you
to 't. 70

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the
poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing,
we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly. 80

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds
to show you, which shall be yours in private.
Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There 's in all two worthy voices
begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[Exeunt the three Citizens.]

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of
your voices that I may be consul, I have here the 90
customary gown.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country,
and you have not desired nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies,

you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to 100 earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily. 110

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here; 120
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus. I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe voices. 130
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods
give him joy, and make him good friend to the 140
people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That in the official marks invested you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation. 150

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic.

You may, sir.

Cor. That I 'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I 'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic.

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*]

He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at 's heart.

Bru.

With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

161

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit.

Certainly

He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

170

Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:

Your most sweet voices: now you have left your
voices,

I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't, 180

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might 190

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit

And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to; 200

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru.

Did you perceive

He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement? 211

Sic.

Have you,

Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,
Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.*Sec. Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece
'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice 221
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic.

Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance, 230
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru.

Lay

CORIOLANUS

Act II. Sc. iii.

A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections ; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : lay the fault on us. 240

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued ; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king ;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were.
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor, 250
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so : almost all 260

Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. Let them go on ;

This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come :
We will be there before the stream o' the people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

*Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry,
Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first ;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me ; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town : he is retired to Antium. 10

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise
them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices? 30

First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-
place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your
offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule, 40
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me 51
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

CORIOLANUS

Act III. Sc. i.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abused ; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely 60
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn !
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons :
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves : I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and
scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How ! no more !
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people, 80
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well

We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. 'Shall'! 90

O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

Mcn. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured 121
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? 130
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more: 140

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet; 150
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become't;
Not having the power to do the good it would, 160
For the ill which doth control't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet, 170
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name
myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, etc. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens! 180

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Senators, etc. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying,*

'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!'

'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'

‘Peace, peace, peace!’ ‘Stay! hold! peace!’

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath.

Confusion’s near. I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience! 191
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

Citizens. Let’s hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Citizens. True,
The people are the city. 200

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish’d
The people’s magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o’ the people, in whose power 210
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;

CORIOLANUS

Act III. Sc. i.

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, seize him!

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men. Hear me one word;

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's
friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways, 220

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help,

You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the People are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! 230

All will be naught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

First Sen. The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are
not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

Men. Be gone: 240
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone: 250
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*]

First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.* 260
Here 's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know 270
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults,—

Sic.

Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru.

He consul!

280

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic.

Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men.

Now the good gods forbid

290

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—

Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath 300

By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;

And what is left, to lose it by his country

Were to us all that do 't and suffer it

A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic.

This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,

CORIOLANUS

Act III. Sc. i.

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 310
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars 320
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language: meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer. 330
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Act III. Sc. ii.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Bru.

Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.

Men.

I 'll bring him to you.

[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company: he
must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen.

Pray you, let 's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

A Patrician.

You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads 10
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been 20
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something
too rough;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counselld:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble, 40
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both 50
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and 60
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required

I should do so in honour. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss 71
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them, 80
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst
rather 90

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sponce? must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart 100
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Iol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part.
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't: 110
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't; 120
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content: 130
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I

Will answer in mine honour.

Men.

Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd.

He's coming.

Bru.

How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius and those senators

That always favour'd him.

Sic.

Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procured,

Set down by the poll?

Æd.

I have; 'tis ready.

10

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd.

I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they hear me say 'It shall be so

I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say fine, cry 'Fine,' if death, cry 'Death,'

Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused 20
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes. 30

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with
Senators and Patricians.*

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

First Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say! 40

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show 50
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour 60
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, 70
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind, 81
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flogging, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 90
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying ' Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome 110
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate 120
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius,
Senators and Patricians.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard 140
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let's see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Rome. Before a gate of the city.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius,
Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
 craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible 10
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother.
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, 21

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth 40
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. 50

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.

The same. A street near the gate.

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus,
with the Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Then when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit Ædile.]
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

CORIOLANUS

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way. 10

Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the
gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will
you be gone?

Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the
power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens! 20

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go:

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,

His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He 'ld make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country 30

As he began, and not unknit himself

The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son— 40
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, 50
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

[*Exeunt Vol. and Vir.*]

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [Exit.]

Scene III.

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey. 10

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out. 20

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, 30
Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended 40
my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am 50
the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? 10

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance, 20

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit.

Scene V.

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [Exit.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence
are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go
to the door. [Exit.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, 10
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to
such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Sec. Serv. 'Away!' get you away.

Cor. Now thou 'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked
with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow's this? 20

First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I
cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call
my master to him. [*Retires.*]

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray
you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am. 30

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some
other station; here's no place for you; pray
you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your functions, go, and batten on cold
bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*]

Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my
master what a strange guest he has here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*]

Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy. 40

Third Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

Third Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an
ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle
with thy mistress: 50

Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher,
hence!

[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*]

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a
dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*]

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? 60

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may 70

CORIOLANUS

Act IV. Sc. v.

My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be 80
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, thou wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight, 90
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tired, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool, 100
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf.

O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say ' 'Tis true,' I 'ld not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against 110
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw 120
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat;
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that 130
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands,
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepared against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take 140
 The one half of my commission, and set down—
 As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own
 ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most
 welcome! 150

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two
 Servingmen come forward.*]

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
 stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
 gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me
 about with his finger and his thumb, as one
 would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was
 something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face,
 methought,—I cannot tell how to term it. 160

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were—Would
I were hanged, but I thought there was more in
him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the
rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than
he, you wot one.

Sec. Serv. Who? my master?

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

170

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be
the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say
that: for the defence of a town, our general is
excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Serv'ingman.

Third Serv. O slaves; I can tell you news; news,
you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; 180
I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack
our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?

Third Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he
was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was
ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so
himself.

190

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't: before Coriol: he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our 200 general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sow the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

Sec. Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can 210 imagine.

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

First Serv. Directitude! what 's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with 220 him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow ; to-day ; presently you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace 230
as far as day does night ; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children than war 's a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so : and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another. 240

Third Serv. Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

First and Sec. Serv. In, in, in, in ! [Exeunt.]

Scene VI.

Rome. A public place.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well : who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.

Enter Menenius.

Is this Menenius? 10

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he : O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir !

Men. Hail to you both !

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends : the commonwealth doth stand ;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well ; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you ?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing : his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both !

Sic. God-den, our neighbours. 20

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive !

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours : we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you !

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent, 30
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volscs with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for
Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volscs dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been 50
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell me not :
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes : his raising ;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir, 61
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't. 70

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news? 80

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—

Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your
news?—

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

Com. If! 90

He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair
work! 100

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair
hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not, we brought it. 120

Men. How! was it we? we loved him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here comes the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast 130
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity. 140

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: that we did, we did for the
best; and though we willingly consented to his
banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have 150
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong
when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol: would half my wealth 159
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.

A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would.
When first I did embrace him : yet his nature 10
In that 's no changeling ; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him : but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
And the nobility of Rome are his :
The senators and patricians love him too : 30
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them ; but he could not
Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgement,

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war ; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time ; 50
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt*]

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, and Sicinius and Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops 10
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state 20
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains: 30
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do 40
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I 'll undertake 't :
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined : 50
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him, 60
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise'; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, 70
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

*Entrance to the Volscian camp before Rome.
Two Sentinels on guard.*

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?

Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

First Sen. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First Sen. You may not pass, you must return : our general
Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embraced with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks 10
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

First Sen. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified ;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground. 20
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing : therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf as you have uttered words in your
own, you should not pass here ; no, though it
were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. There-
fore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
always factionary on the party of your general. 30

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you
say you have, I am one that, telling true under
him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go
back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates 40 the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are 50 condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,— 60

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant

cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess,
but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand-
est not i' the state of hanging, or of some death
more long in spectatorship and crueller in suf-
fering; behold now presently, and swoon for
what 's to come upon thee. The glorious gods 70
sit in hourly synod about thy particular pros-
perity, and love thee no worse than thy old
father Menenius does! O my son, my son!
thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's
water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come
to thee; but being assured none but myself could
move thee, I have been blown out of your gates
with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome
and thy petitionary countrymen. The good
gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of
it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, 80
hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone. 90
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. [*Gives him a letter.*]

Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,

Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st.
Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*]

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you
 know the way home again. 100

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keep-
 ing your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general:
 for such things as you, I can scarce think
 there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a
 will to die by himself fears it not from another:
 let your general do his worst. For you, be that
 you are, long; and your misery increase with
 your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him. 111

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the
 rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
 Set down our host. My partner in this action,
 You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
 I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
 You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
 The general suit of Rome; never admitted
 A private whisper, no, not with such friends

That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father, 10
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. *[Shout within.]* Ha! what shout
is this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should 30
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now 40
I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show. 51
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun, 60
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curded by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers, 70
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 80
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;

That, if you fail in our request, the blame 90
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife and child, to see 101

The son, the husband and the father, tearing

His country's bowels out. And to poor we

Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy; for how can we,

Alas, how can we for our country pray,

Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,

Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose

The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,

Our comfort in the country. We must find 111

An evident calamity, though we had

Our wish, which side should win; for either thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led

With manacles thorough our streets, or else

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,

And bear the palm for having bravely shed

Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune till

These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee

Act V. Sc. iii.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. 130
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*]

139

To imitate the graces of the gods ; 150
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speak you :
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy :
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ; 161
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back : but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away :
Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride 170
Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;
This is the last : so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's :
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go :
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch :
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire, 181

And then I 'll speak a little.

Cor. [*After holding her by the hand, silent*] O mother,
mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!

You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190
I 'll frame 'convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me: for my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy
honour

At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work 201
Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*]

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Ay, by and by:—

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

10

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

20

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy

his mother shall bring from him: there is no
 more mercy in him than there is milk in a male
 tiger: that shall our poor city find: and all this 30
 is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good
 unto us. When we banished him, we respected
 not them; and, he returning to break our necks,
 they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house;
 The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
 And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
 The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, 40
 They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Sec. Mess. Goodnews, goodnews; the ladies have prevail'd,
 The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
 A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
 No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
 Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
 Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
 Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
 As the recomforted through the gates Why, hark you!
 [Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.
 The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes, 51
 Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans

- Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*
Men. This is good news:
 I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
 This morning for ten thousand of your throats
 I 'ld not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
 [*Music still, with shouts.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next, 60
 Accept my thankfulness.
Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
 Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them.
 And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A street near the gate.

*Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c.
 passing over the stage, followed by Patricians and
 others.*

- First Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
 Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
 And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
 Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
 Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'
All. Welcome, ladies,
 Welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Corioli. A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here :
 Deliver them this paper : having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words : dispatch.
[Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome !

First Con. How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so 10
 As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
 And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
 If you do hold the same intent wherein
 You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
 Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell :
 We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
 'Twixt you there's difference : but the fall of either
 Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it,
 And my pretext to strike at him admits 20
 A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth : who being so heighten'd,
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends : and, to this end,
 He bow'd his nature, never known before
 But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
 When he did stand for consul, which he lost
 By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of :
 Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth ; 30
 Presented to my knife his throat : I took him,
 Made him joint-servant with me, gave him way
 In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
 Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
 My best and freshest men, served his designments
 In mine own person, help to reap the fame
 Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
 To do myself this wrong : till at the last
 I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
 He waged me with his countenance, as if 40
 I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord :
 The army marvell'd at it, and in the last,
 When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
 For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it :
 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
 At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
 Of our great action : therefore shall he die,
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts
 of the people.*]

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post, 50
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will, second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more :
Here come the lords. 60

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines : but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches : you shall hear him. 70

*Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours; the
commoners being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. ° Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli? 90
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgements, my grave
lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him. 110

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for 't. 120

All the People. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.'
'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.'
'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds-in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus:*
Aufidius stands on his body.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver 141
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:

CORIOLANUS

Act V. Sc. vi.

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully: 151
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.
A dead march sounded.

Glossary.

- Abated*, down-trodden, beaten-down (S. Walker conj. "abased"); III. iii. 132.
- Absolute*, perfect; IV. v. 139.
- Abused*, deceived; III. i. 58.
- Addition*, title; I. ix. 66.
- Advanced*, raised, uplifted; I. vi. 61.
- Affect*, desire, aim at; II. ii. 23.
- Affecting*, aiming at; IV. vi. 32.
- Affection*, inclination, tendency; I. i. 107.
- Affections*, inclinations, desires; I. i. 180.
- Affects*, aims at; III. iii. 1.
- Afric*, Africa; I. viii. 3.
- After*, afterwards; II. ii. 55.
- After your way*, after you have told his story in your own way; V. vi. 58.
- Against*, over against, in the way of; III. i. 247.
- Age*, lifetime; IV. vi. 51.
- Ages*, time, life; III. i. 7.
- Alarum*, call to arms; II. ii. 79.
- All*, any; III. i. 143.
- ; "all gaze"; the gaze of every eye; I. iii. 8.
- ; "all our lamentation"; i.e. "the sorrow of us all"; IV. vi. 34.
- Allaying*, tempering, diluting; II. i. 49.
- Allow*, acknowledge; III. iii. 45.
- Allowance*, acknowledgement, III. ii. 57.
- Amazonian chin*, chin beardless as that of a female warrior; II. ii. 94.
- An*, if; II. i. 136.
- Ancient*, old, former; IV. i. 3; inveterate; II. i. 236; IV. v. 102.
- Anon*, at once; II. iii. 147, 150.
- Answer*, meet in battle; I. ii. 19.
- , take advantage; II. iii. 265.
- , punishment, answering of a charge; III. i. 177.
- Answering*, requiting, paying the debt due to us; V. vi. 67.
- Antiates*, people of Antium; III. iii. 4.
- Antique*, old; II. iii. 124.
- Appeared*, apparent (Hanmer, "affeer'd"; Warburton, "appeal'd"; Jackson conj. "apparel'd"); IV. iii. 9.
- Approbation*; "upon your a.," for the purpose of confirming your election; II. iii. 150.
- Apron-men*, mechanics; IV. vi. 96.
- Apt*, susceptible; III. ii. 29.
- Arabia*, the Arabian desert; IV. ii. 24.
- Are to*, belong to; I. i. 276.
- Arithmetic*, calculation; III. i. 245.

Arm yourself, prepare yourself; III. ii. 138.
Arriving, having reached; II. iii. 187.
Article, condition; II. iii. 202.
Articulate, enter into negotiations; I. ix. 77.
As, as if; I. i. 22, 216.
 —, as that; II. i. 239.
 —, as that with which; III. iii. 74.
Assembly (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 158.
Assistance, persons assisting (Hanmer, "*assistsants*"; Walker, "*assistancy*"); IV. vi. 33.
At, at the price of; V. vi. 46.
At a word, in a word, in short; I. iii. 116.
At home, in my own home; I. x. 25.
Atone, reconciled; IV. vi. 72.
At point, on the point of; III. i. 194.
Attach, arrest; III. i. 175.
Attend, listen; I. ix. 4.
 —, await; II. ii. 163.
Attended, waited for; I. x. 30.
Attends, awaits; I. i. 78.
Auburn, probably flaxen (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Abram*"); II. iii. 21.
Audible, quick of hearing; IV. v. 232.
Augurer, soothsayer; II. i. 1.
Austerity and garb, austere demeanour; IV. vii. 44.
Authority, those in power; I. i. 16.
Avoid, quit; IV. v. 25.
 —, get you gone; IV. v. 33.

Bacs, cries *ba*; II. i. 11.
Bald, senseless; III. i. 165.
 —, uncovered, bareheaded; IV. v. 200.
Bale, harm, injury; "must have b." "must get the worst of it"; I. i. 166.
Bare; "a b. petition" = a mere petition; V. i. 20.
Bats, heavy sticks; I. i. 58.
Batten, grow fat; IV. v. 33.
Battle, army drawn up in battle array; I. vi. 51.
Beam; "below the b. of sight," farther down than the range of sight; III. ii. 5.
Beard to beard, face to face; I. x. 11.
Bear the knave, bear being called knave; III. iii. 33.
Because that, because; III. ii. 52.
Bemock, intensive form of mock; I. i. 260.
Be naught, be lost; III. i. 231.
Bended, made obeisance, bowed; II. i. 273.
Be off, take my hat off; II. iii. 105.
Be put, come; III. i. 233.
Best, i.e. best chief men; I. ix. 77.
Bestrid, bestrode, i.e. stood over to defend a fallen soldier; II. ii. 96.
Be that I am, show myself in my true character; I. x. 5.
Betray, reveal, show, betray; V. iii. 95.
Bisson conspectuities, purblind powers of sight (Folios 1, 2, "*beesome*"; Folios 3, 4, "*beesom*" and "*Besom*"); II. i. 66.

Glossary

Bleeding, i.e. "without having, as it were, dressed and cured it" (Schmidt); II. i. 79.
Bless'd, happy; II. ii. 61.
Bless from, preserve from; I. iii. 48.
Blood, offspring, son; I. ix. 14.
Blown, swollen; V. iv. 49.
Bolted, sifted, refined; III. i. 322.
Bonnet, cap, hat; III. ii. 73.
Bonneted, i.e. unbonneted, took off their caps or bonnets (Johnson conj. "*unbonnetted*"); II. ii. 29.
Bosom multiplied, "the bosom of that many-headed monster, the people" (Malone); III. i. 131.
Botcher, patcher of old clothes; II. i. 92.
Bountiful, bountifully; II. iii. 107.
Brand, stigma; III. i. 304.
Brawn, brawny or muscular part of the arm: IV. v. 123.
Break his neck, cause his downfall, destroy him; III. iii. 30.
Breathe you, take breath; I. vi. 1.
Briefly, a short time ago, lately; I. vi. 16.
Broils, wars; III. ii. 81.
Broke, broken; IV. iv. 19.
Brow-bound, crowned; II. ii. 101.
Budge, flee, flinch; I. vi. 44.
Bulks, the projecting parts of shops on which goods were exposed for sale: II. i. 218.
Bussing, kissing; III. ii. 75.
By, at; I. vi. 5.

THE TRAGEDY OF

By, in comparison with; I. x. 18.
 —, next to, near; III. i. 101.
Cambric, a fine white linen stuff; I. iii. 89.
Came off, escaped; II. ii. 115.
Canker'd, corrupted, polluted; IV. v. 94.
Canopy, i.e. the canopy of heaven, the sky; IV. v. 40.
Capital, deadly; V. iii. 104.
Capitulate, make terms; V. iii. 82.
Caps and legs, salutations, obeisance; II. i. 70.
Carbonado, a piece of meat cut and slashed for broiling; IV. v. 194.
Casque, helmet; IV. vii. 43.
Catched, caught; I. iii. 66.
Cats, a term of contempt (Collier MS., "*Curs*"; Staunton conj. "*Bats*"; Gould conj. "*Rats*"); IV. ii. 34.
Cause, occasion, opportunity; II. iii. 200.
 —, quarrel; III. i. 235.
 —; "as c. will be obey'd," as occasion shall dictate; I. vi. 83.
Cautelous, crafty; IV. i. 33.
Censure, judgement; I. i. 271.
 —, sentence; III. iii. 46.
Censured, estimated; II. i. 22.
Centuries, bodies of a hundred men; I. vii. 3.
Centurions, Roman officers who had the command of a hundred soldiers; IV. iii. 47.
Chafed, vexed, angered; III. iii. 27.

- Change of honours*, fresh honours, variety of honours (Theobald, "*charge*"); II. i. 207.
- Charge*, cost; V. vi. 68.
- Charg'd*, would charge; IV. vi. 112.
- Charges*, troops, companies; IV. iii. 48.
- Charter*, privilege; I. ix. 14.
- Chats*, chats of, gossips about; II. i. 216.
- Choice*; "at thy c.," do as you like; III. ii. 123.
- Choose*, fail to; IV. iii. 39.
- Chose*, chosen; II. iii. 160.
- Circumvention*, the power of circumventing; I. ii. 6.
- Clapp'd to*, quickly shut; I. iv. 51.
- Clean kam*, quite from the purpose; *kam* = crooked; III. i. 304.
- Clip*, embrace; I. vi. 29.
- Cluck'd*, called, as a hen does (Folio 1, "*clock'd*"); v. iii. 163.
- Clusters*, mobs; IV. vi. 122.
- Clutch'd*, if there were clutched; III. iii. 71.
- Cockle*, weed which grows in cornfields; III. i. 70.
- Cog*, cheat, cozen; III. ii. 133.
- Coign*, corner; V. iv. 1.
- Come off*, come out of the battle; I. vi. 1.
- Comfortable*, cheerful; I. iii. 2.
- Commanded*, entrusted with a command; I. i. 265.
- Commandment*, command; II. iii. 236.
- Commend*, recommend, introduce; IV. v. 147.
- Common*, commons, people; I. i. 154.
- Common part*, share in common; I. ix. 39.
- Companions*, fellows (used contemptuously); IV. v. 14.
- Complexions*, temperaments, dispositions; II. i. 220.
- Compounded*, agreed; V. vi. 84.
- Conclude*, decide; III. i. 144.
- Condemned*, (?) damnable; I. viii. 15.
- Condition*, disposition; II. iii. 101.
- Confirmed*, determined, resolute; I. iii. 63.
- Confound*, waste; I. vi. 17.
- Confusion*, ruin; III. i. 110.
- Conies*, rabbits; IV. v. 220.
- Conn'd*, learned; IV. i. 11.
- Consent of*, agreement about; II. iii. 25.
- Constant*, true to my word; I. i. 242.
- Contrived*, plotted; III. iii. 63.
- Convented*, convened; II. ii. 57.
- Converses*, is conversant, associates; II. i. 51.
- Corioli walls*, the walls of Corioli; I. viii. 8.
- Cormorant*, ravenous; I. i. 124.
- Countenance*, mere patronage; V. vi. 40.
- Counterpoised*, equalled, counter-balanced; II. ii. 90.
- Country* (trisyllabic); I. ix. 17.
- Courage*, plain speaking (Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*carriage*"); III. iii. 92.
- Crack*, boy (slightly contemptuous); I. iii. 72.
- Cracking*, breaking; I. i. 72.

Glossary

Crafted fair, made nice work of it; IV. vi. 118.
Cranks, winding passages; I. i. 140.
Cry, pack; III. iii. 120.
 —, proclaim; III. i. 275.
Cudgel, thick stick; IV. v. 153.
Cunning, knowledge; IV. i. 9.
Cupboarding, hoarding; I. i. 102.
Curded, congealed (Folios, "curded"; Rowe, "curdled"); V. iii. 66.
Cypress grove, grove of cypress trees (Folios, "Cyp rus grove"); I. x. 30.
Dances, causes to dance; IV. v. 119.
Daws, jackdaws (daws were considered as emblems of chattering and foolish persons); IV. v. 46.
Debile, weak; I. ix. 48.
Declines, falls; II. i. 170.
Deed-achieving honour, honour gained by achievement; II. i. 182.
Deliver, narrate, tell your tale; I. i. 98.
 —, show; V. vi. 141.
Deliver'd, reported; IV. vi. 63.
Demand, ask; III. iii. 43.
Demerits, merits; I. i. 275.
Deserved, deserving; III. i. 292.
Designments, designs; V. vi. 35.
Despite, spite; III. iii. 139.
Determine, terminate, end; III. iii. 43.
Determined of, decided, concerning; II. ii. 40.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Deucalion, the Greek Noah; II. i. 95.
Devour, destroy; I. i. 261.
Dieted, fed up; I. ix. 52.
Differency, difference (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "difference"); V. iv. 11.
Directitude, a coined word not understood; IV. v. 216, 217.
Disbench'd, drove from your seat; II. ii. 74.
Discharge, perform (technical term for playing a part upon the stage); III. ii. 106.
Disciplined, thrashed; II. i. 132.
Disease, disturb, spoil; I. iii. 111.
Disgrace, humiliation; I. i. 97.
Dishonour'd, dishonourable; III. i. 60.
Disposition, five syllables; I. vi. 74.
Disproportioned, taken away (Folios 2, 3, 4, "disproportioned"); II. i. 256.
Dissentious, seditious, rebellious; I. i. 167.
Distinctly ranges, stands upright; III. i. 206.
Doit, the smallest piece of money, worth half a farthing; a common metaphor for a trifle; I. v. 7.
Dotant, dotard; V. ii. 46.
Doublets, the inner garments of a man; I. v. 7.
Doubt, fear; III. i. 152.
Drachma, an ancient Greek coin (Folios 1, 2, "Drachme"; Folios 3, 4, "Drachm"; Staunton, "dram"); I. v. 6.
Drop, shed; I. v. 19.

- Each way*, in every way; III. i. 49.
- Ears*; "by the e.," quarrelling; I. i. 236.
- Edge*, sword; I. iv. 29.
- Effected*, achieved; I. ix. 18.
- Embarquements*, probably embargo, restrain, hinderance (Rowe, "*Embarkments*"; Hanmer, "*Embankments*"; Warburton, "*Embarrments*," etc.); I. x. 22.
- Embracements*, embraces; I. iii. 4.
- Empiricute*, quackish (probably a coined word); Folios 1, 2, "*Emperickcutique*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Empericktique*"; Pope, "*Emperic*"; Collier MS., "*Empiric physic*"; II. i. 121.
- Emulation*, envious contention; I. i. 217.
- End*; "for an e.," to bring matters to a crisis (according to some = to cut the matter short); II. i. 252.
- End all his*, make all his own at last ("end," a provincial term for getting in a harvest) V. vi. 37.
- Endure*, remain; I. vi. 58.
- Enemy* (used adjectively; Folio 4, "*enemy's*"); IV. iv. 24.
- Enforce*, urge, lay stress upon; II. iii. 225.
- Enter'd in*, acquainted with; I. ii. 2.
- Entertainment*, engaged for service; IV. iii. 48.
- , reception; IV. v. 10.
- Envied against*, shown malice, ill-will toward (Becket conj. "*inveigh'd*"); III. iii. 95.
- Envy*, hatred, malice; III. iii. 3.
- Envy you*, show hatred against you (Keightley, "*envy to you*"); III. iii. 57.
- Estimate*, worth; III. iii. 114.
- Even*, equably; IV. vii. 37.
- Ever, ever*, always the same; II. i. 201.
- Exposure*, exposure; IV. i. 36.
- Extol*, praise, laud; I. ix. 14.
- Extremities*, urgent necessity; III. ii. 41.
- Factionary*, taking part in a quarrel; V. ii. 30.
- Factions*, parties, sides in a quarrel; I. i. 196.
- Fail in*, fail in granting; V. iii. 90.
- Fair*, kind, conciliatory; III. iii. 91.
- Fairness*, best; I. ix. 73.
- Falsely*, treacherously; III. i. 60.
- Fame and envy*, detested or odious fame; I. viii. 4.
- Fane*, temple; I. x. 20.
- Fatigate*, fatigued, wearied; II. ii. 120.
- Favour*, countenance, look; IV. iii. 9.
- Fear*, fear for; I. vii. 5.
- Feebling*, weakening; I. i. 198.
- Fell*, cruel; I. iii. 48.
- Fellest*, cruellest, fiercest; IV. iv. 18.
- Fidiused*, beaten; "jocularly formed from the name of Aufidius" (Folios, "*fidious'd*"); II. i. 137.

Glossary

Fielded, in the field; I. iv. 12.
Fillip, strike, beat; V. iii. 59.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 194.
Fires of heaven, stars; I. iv. 39.
First, first-born (Heath conj. "fierce"; Keightley, "fairest"; Cartwright conj. "dear'st"); IV. i. 33.
Fit o' the time, present distemperature; III. ii. 33.
Fit you, fit yourself; II. ii. 145.
Flamens, priests; II. i. 221.
Flaw, gust; V. iii. 74.
Flouted, mocked; II. iii. 165.
Fob off, trick, cheat; I. i. 97.
Foil'd, defeated; I. ix. 48.
Fold-in, enclose; III. iii. 68.
Fond, foolish; IV. i. 26.
Fool, play the fool; II. iii. 126.
For, as for; I. i. 68.
 —, against; II. ii. 91.
Force, urge; III. ii. 51.
Fore-advised, advised, admonished beforehand; II. iii. 197.
'Fore me, an oath; probably used instead of "'fore God"; I. i. 123.
Forgot, forgotten; IV. iii. 3.
Forsworn to grant; sworn not to grant; V. iii. 80.
Forth, forth from, out of; I. iv. 23.
 —, gone; IV. i. 49.
For that, because; I. i. 116.
Fosset-seller, seller of fossets or taps (Folios 1, 2, 3, "Forset"; Folio 4, "Fauset"); II. i. 73.
Four, (?) used of an indefinite number; I. vi. 84.
Foxship, ingratitude and cunning; IV. ii. 18.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Fragments, a term of contempt; I. i. 225.
Frame, fashion; III. ii. 84.
Free, liberal; III. ii. 88.
Free contempt, unconcealed contempt; II. iii. 206.
Freelicer, more freely; I. iii. 3.
From the canon, against established rule (Mason takes the words to mean "according to rule; alluding to the absolute veto of the tribunes"); III. i. 90.
Front, confront; V. ii. 43.
Full quit of, fully revenged upon; IV. v. 86.
Full third part, by a full third; V. vi. 78.
Further, further business; II. iii. 179.
Gall'd, hurt, wounded; II. iii. 201.
Gan, began; II. ii. 118.
Gangrened, mortified, diseased; III. i. 307.
Garland, crown, glory; I. i. 187.
 —, *i.e.* the oaken garland, the prize of victory; II. ii. 104.
Gave him way, gave way to him; V. vi. 32.
Gave me, made me suspect; IV. v. 153.
General louts, stupid bumpkins; III. ii. 64.
Generosity; "to break the heart of g.," *i.e.* "to give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson); I. i. 214.
Gentry, gentle birth; III. i. 143.
Giber, scoffer; II. i. 85.

Giddy, thoughtless; I. i. 271.
Gird, taunt, jeer at; I. i. 259.
Give, represent; I. ix. 55.
Give me excuse, excuse me, pardon me; I. iii. 114.
Give me way, yields to me; IV. iv. 25.
Given, given the power; III. i. 93.
Godded, idolized; V. iii. 11.
God-den, good even (Folio 4, "good-e'en"); II. i. 97.
Gone, ago; I. ii. 6.
Good, rich, with play upon literal sense of the word; I. i. 16.
 —, good quality; I. ix. 32.
 —, (used ironically); IV. vi. 70.
Good condition, used in double sense; (1) good terms of treaty; (2) good character; I. x. 6.
Good report, reputation; I. ix. 54.
Got on, won from; III. iii. 4.
Grace, show honour to; V. iii. 15.
Gracious, lovely and loveable; II. i. 184.
Grained ash, rough, tough, ashen spear; IV. v. 111.
Gratify, requite; II. ii. 43.
Greater part, majority; II. iii. 41.
Grief-shot, sorrow-stricken; V. i. 44.
Groat, coin of the value of fourpence; III. ii. 10.
Guard; "upon my brother's g.," under the protection of my brother; I. x. 25.

Guess, think, imagine; I. i. 18.
Gulf, whirlpool; I. i. 100.

Had carried, might have carried (or had in effect carried); V. vi. 43.

Had purpose, intended; IV. v. 122.

Hale, haul; V. iv. 40.

Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; II. i. 272.

Hang by the wall, be useless; I. iii. 12.

Hap, happen, chance; III. iii. 24.

Hardly, with difficulty; V. ii. 75.

Has, he has (Folio 3, "Ha's"; Folio 4, "H'as"); III. i. 161.

Haver, he who has it, possessor; II. ii. 88.

Have struck, have been striking; I. vi. 4.

Have them into, get themselves into; II. ii. 30.

Have with you, I am with you; come on; II. i. 278.

Havoc, merciless destruction; III. i. 275.

Head; "made new head," raised a fresh army; III. i. 1.

Hear hither, hear the sound here; I. iii. 32.

Heart, sense; II. iii. 210.

Helms, those at the helm, *i.e.* the leaders; I. i. 79.

—, helmets; IV. v. 128.

Helps, remedies; III. i. 221.

Here, "at this point, suiting the action to the word" (Wright); III. ii. 74.

Hereto, hitherto; II. ii. 63.

Glossary

Hie, hasten; I. ii. 26.
Him, *i.e.* this one; I. vi. 36.
Hint, occasion, that which gives matter and motive; III. iii. 23.
Hob and Dick, familiar names of clowns; *Hob* diminutive of Robert (*cp.* colloquial use "Tom, Dick, and Harry"); II. iii. 121.
Hold, bear; III. ii. 80.
Holloa, cry hollo! after me, pursue (Folios, "*hollow*"); I. viii. 7.
Help, helped; III. i. 277.
Home, to the utmost; I. iv. 38.
 —, thoroughly; "speak him h.," adequately praise him; II. ii. 106.
Honour'd, honourable; III. i. 72.
Hoo, an exclamation of joy; II. i. 110.
Hoop'd, *i.e.* whooped, hollowed, hooted; IV. v. 81.
Horse-drench, physic for a horse; II. i. 123.
Hospitable canon, sacred law of hospitality; I. x. 26.
Hours, time (Rowe [ed. 2], "*honours*"); I. v. 5.
Housekeepers, keepers, stayers at home; I. iii. 54.
Hum, to make a sound expressive of contempt or anger (Quartos, "*hem*"); V. i. 49.
Humorous, full of whims and humours; II. i. 47.
Hungry, sterile; V. iii. 58.
Husbandry, management; IV. vii. 22.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Huswife, housewife; I. iii. 74.
Hydra, the fabulous serpent with many heads killed by Hercules; III. i. 93.
Impediment; "your i.," "the obstacles opposed by you"; I. i. 74.
Imperfect, faulty (as a magistrate); II. i. 50.
In, of; II. ii. 14.
 —, into; II. iii. 264; III. ii. 91.
 —, by; III. i. 210.
 —, on; III. iii. 102.
Incorporate, forming one body; I. i. 133.
Infirmity, weakness; "of their i.," subject to the same faults and failings as they; III. i. 82.
Information, the source of information, informant; IV. vi. 53.
Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 89.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 34.
Inheritance, possessor; III. ii. 68.
Inherited, realised, enjoyed; II. i. 207.
Injurious, insulting; III. iii. 69.
Injury, sense of wrong; V. i. 64.
Innovator, one who changes things for the worse; III. i. 175.
Interims, intervals; I. vi. 5.
Interjoin, cause to intermarry; IV. iv. 22.
Issues, children; IV. iv. 22.
It is, he is (used contemptuously); IV. v. 46.

- Jack guardant*, a Jack on guard; V. ii. 64.
- Jealous queen of heaven*, i.e. Juno, the guardian of conjugal fidelity; V. iii. 46.
- Judicious*, judicial; V. vi. 127.
- Jump*, risk, hazard (Pope, "vamp"; Singer [ed. 2], "imp"); III. i. 154.
- Kick'd at*, scorned, spurned; II. ii. 127.
- Knee*, go on your knees; V. i. 6.
- Lack'd*, had lost; III. ii. 23.
- Lamentation*; "to all our l," to the sorrow of us all; IV. vi. 34.
- Larum*, alarm, the call to arms; I. iv. 9.
- Late*, lately; III. i. 196.
- Lay*, lodged; I. ix. 82.
- Leads*, leaden roofs of the houses; IV. vi. 82.
- Leash*, the string or chain by which a greyhound is held; I. vi. 38.
- Leasing*, falsehood; V. ii. 22.
- Leave*, leave off; I. iii. 90.
- Leaves*, leave; IV. v. 136.
- Lenity*, mildness, want of severity; III. i. 99.
- Lesser*, less (Folios 1, 2, "lessen"; Rowe, "Less for"); I. vi. 70.
- Lesson'd*, taught by us; II. iii. 183.
- Let go*, let it go, let it pass; III. ii. 18.
- Lets*, he lets; II. ii. 15.
- Lies*, lodges, dwells; IV. iv. 8.
- Lies you on*, is incumbent upon you; III. ii. 52.
- Lieve*, lief, gladly (Folios 2, 3, "live"; Folio 1, "live"; Capell, "lief"); IV. v. 181.
- Like*, equal; I. i. 103.
- , likely; I. iii. 14.
- Liking*, good opinion, favour; I. i. 198.
- Limitation*, required time; II. iii. 144.
- List*, listen, hear; I. iv. 20.
- , pleasest; III. ii. 128.
- Lockram*, coarse linen; II. i. 217.
- Long of you*, owing to you; V. iv. 32.
- 'Longs*, belongs; V. iii. 170.
- Looks*, seems likely, promises (Hanmer, "works"); III. iii. 29.
- Lose*, waste, by preaching to them in vain; II. iii. 64.
- Lots to blanks* = all the world to nothing (lots = prizes in the lottery; the reference is to the value of the lots, not to the number); V. ii. 10.
- Lover*, loving friend; V. ii. 14.
- Lurch'd*, robbed; II. ii. 104.
- Made doubt*, doubted; I. ii. 18.
- Made fair hands*, made good work; IV. vi. 117.
- Made head*, raised an army; II. ii. 91.
- Maims of shame*, shameful, disgraceful injuries; IV. v. 89.
- Make a lip*, curl up my lip in contempt; II. i. 120.

Glossary

Make good, hold, defend; I. v. 13.
Malice, hatred; II. i. 236.
Malkin, kitchen-wench; probably contraction of Matilda; II. i. 216.
Mammocked, tore in pieces; I. iii. 69.
Man-entered, initiated into manhood; II. ii. 102.
Manifest, notorious; I. iii. 54.
Mankind (i.) masculine; (ii.) a human being; IV. ii. 16.
Many, multitude (Folio 1, "meynie"; Folios 2, 3, "meyny"; III. i. 66.
Mark, power; II. ii. 92.
Match, bargain; II. iii. 85.
Measles, scurvy wretches; III. i. 78.
Meed, reward; II. ii. 100.
Memory, memorial; IV. v. 74.
Mercy; "at m." at the mercy of the conquered; I. x. 7.
Merely, absolutely; III. i. 305.
Met, are met (Hanmer,

THE TRAGEDY OF

"meet"; Capell, "are met"; Anon conj. "we've met"); II. ii. 50.
Microcosm, little world; II. i. 64.
Minded, reminded; V. i. 18.
Minnows, small fry; III. i. 89.
Mirth; "our better m." "our mirth, which would be greater without her company" (Schmidt); I. iii. 111.
Misery, wretchedness, poverty; II. ii. 130.
Mock'd, scoffed at; II. iii. 164.
Modest, moderate; III. i. 275.
Moe, more; II. iii. 130.
Monster'd, exaggerated; II. ii. 80.
More, greater; III. ii. 124.
Mortal, fatal; II. ii. 114.
—, mortally; V. iii. 189.
Motion, motive; II. i. 51.
—; "your loving m. towards," "your kind interposition with" (Johnson); II. ii. 56.



(a)

(b)

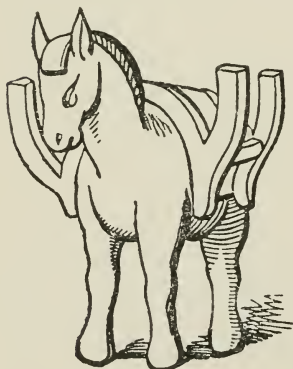
Mummers.

(a) From the *Romance of Fauvel* in the National Library, Paris.
 (b) From a MS. in the Bodleian Library copied by Strutt.

- Mountebank* their loves, play the mountebank to win their love; III. ii. 132.
- Movers*, loafers in search of plunder; I. v. 5.
- Mull'd*, flat, insipid; IV. v. 233.
- Multitudinous tongue*, the tongues of the multitude; III. i. 156.
- Mummers*, maskers, masqueraders; II. i. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)
- Muniments*, supplies of war; I. i. 121.
- Murrain*; "a m. on't," a plague upon it (an oath); I. v. 3.
- Muse*, wonder; III. ii. 7.
- Mutiners*, mutineers; I. i. 253.
- My horse to yours*, I'll wager my horse to yours; I. iv. 2.
- Name*, credit; II. i. 142.
- Napless*, threadbare; II. i. 242.
- Native*, origin, source (Johnson and Heath conj. "motive"); III. i. 129.
- Nature*, natural disposition; IV. vii. 41.
- Navel*, centre; III. i. 123.
- Needer*, the man needing the advantage; IV. i. 44.
- Nerves*, sinews; I. i. 141.
- Nervy*, sinewy; II. i. 169.
- Never-needed*; "so n.n.," i.e. never so needed; V. i. 34.
- Nicely-gawded*, daintily bedecked (Lettsom conj. "nicely-guarded"); II. i. 225.
- Noble*, nobles; III. i. 29.
- Noble touch*, tested nobility; IV. i. 49.
- Noise and horn*, noisy horn; III. i. 95.
- Nose*, to scent; V. i. 28.
- Not*, not only (Hanmer, "not only"); III. iii. 97.
- Note*, notice; I. ix. 49.
- Nothing*, not at all; I. iii. 105.
- Notion*, understanding; V. vi. 107.
- Now*, just; I. ix. 79.
- Object*, sight; I. i. 20.
- Occupation*; "the voice of o.," i.e. "the votes of the working men"; IV. vi. 97.
- O'er-beat*, overwhelm (Folios, "o're-beat"; Rowe, "o'er-bear"; Becket conj. "o'er-bear't"); IV. v. 134.
- O'er-peer*, rise above; II. iii. 126.
- Of*, from; II. iii. 243.
- , concerning; I. i. 272.
- , by; I. ii. 13.
- Offer'd*, attempted; V. i. 23.
- , about, of the value of; IV. iv. 17.
- , on; II. iii. 213.
- Office me from*, use your office to keep me from; V. ii. 65.
- Official marks*, tokens of office; II. iii. 146.
- On*, of (Folios I, 2, "one"); I. ii. 4.
- Once*, once for all; II. iii. 1.
- , once when; II. iii. 16.
- One danger*, (?) "constant source of danger" (Theobald, "our"); III. i. 288.
- Only*, sole; I. ix. 36.
- On's*, of his; I. iii. 70.
- On't*, of it; III. i. 152.

Glossary

- Open*, open; I. iv. 43.
Opinion, public opinion; I. i. 274.
Opposer, opponent; IV. iii. 36.
Opposite, opponent; II. ii. 22.
Orange-wife, woman who sells oranges; II. i. 72.
Ordinance, rank; III. ii. 12.
Osprey, the fishing hawk or eagle, supposed to have the power of fascinating fish (Folios, "*Aspray*") ; IV. vii. 34.
Our, from us (Hammer, "*their*"; Ingleby conj. "*for*"; Lettsom conj. "*a*"; Kinnear, "*as*") ; III. i. 121.
Out, thoroughly, out and out; IV. v. 124.
Outdares, exceeds in bravery; I. iv. 53.
Out o' door, out of doors (Folio I, "*out a doore*") ; I. iii. 114.



From a terra-cotta figure found at Moulins-sur-Allier, France.

THE TRAGEDY OF

- Out of*; "out of daily fortune," i.e. "in consequence of uninterrupted success"; IV. vii. 38.
Overta'en, come up with, equalled; I. ix. 19.
Owe, own; III. ii. 130.
Owe you, exposed you to; V. vi. 139.
Pack-saddle; II. i. 93. (Cp. illustration.)
Palates; "the greatest taste most p. theirs," the predominant taste savours most of theirs (Johnson, "*must palate*") ; III. i. 104.
Paltering, equivocation, trifling; III. i. 58.
Parcel, part; IV. v. 225.
Parcels, portions; I. ii. 32.
Part, side; I. x. 7.
Parted, departed; V. vi. 73.
Participate = participating; I. i. 106.
Particular, personal; IV. v. 89.
 —, private interest; IV. vii. 13.
 —, personal relation; V. i. 3.
Particularize, specify, emphasize; I. i. 21.
Particulars; "by p.," one by one; II. iii. 48.
Party, side, part; I. i. 237.
Pass, pass by, neglect; II. ii. 142.
Pass doubt, without doubt; II. iii. 263.
Patience; "by your p.," by your leave; I. iii. 78.
Pawn'd, pledged; V. vi. 21.
Penelope, the wife of Ulysses; I. ii. 92.

- Pent*, the sentence of being pent; III. iii. 89.
- Perceive's*, perceive his; II. ii. 159.
- Peremptory*, firmly resolved; III. i. 286.
- Pestering*, thronging; IV. vi. 7.
- Physical*, salutary; I. v. 19.
- Pick*, pitch; I. i. 203.
- Piece*, piece of money, coin; III. iii. 32.
- , add to; II. iii. 218.
- Piercing*, sharp, severe; (?) mortifying; I. i. 86.
- Pikes*, (i.) lances, spears, (ii.) pitch-forks (used with play on both senses); I. i. 23.
- Place*; "his p.," i.e. the consulship; II. i. 158.
- Please it*, if it please; V. vi. 140.
- Plebeii*, plebeians (Rowe, "plebeians"); II. iii. 190.
- Plot*; "single p.," my own person, body; III. ii. 102.
- Points*, commands (as if given by a trumpet); IV. vi. 125.
- Poison*, destroy; V. ii. 89.
- Poll*, number, counted by heads (Folios, "pole"); III. i. 134.
- Polled*, bared, cleared (originally cut the hair); IV. v. 209.
- Poorest*, smallest; III. iii. 32.
- Portance*, bearing, demeanour; II. iii. 230.
- Ports*, gates; I. vii. 1.
- Possessed*, informed; II. i. 139.
- Post*, messenger; V. vi. 50.
- Pot*; "to the p.," to certain death; I. iv. 47.
- Potch*, poke; I. x. 15.
- Pother*, uproar; II. i. 226.
- Pound up*, shut up as in a pound; I. iv. 17.
- Power*, army, armed force; I. ii. 9.
- Pow*, wow, pooh, pooh; II. i. 150.
- Practice*, stratagem; IV. i. 33.
- Prank them*, deck themselves (used contemptuously); III. i. 23.
- Precipitation*, precipitousness; III. ii. 4.
- Preparation*, force ready for action; I. ii. 15.
- Present*, present time, opportunity; I. vi. 60.
- , immediate, instant; III. i. 212.
- Presently*, immediately, at once; IV. v. 223.
- Press'd*, impressed, forced into service; I. ii. 9.
- Pretences*, intentions; I. ii. 20.
- Progeny*, race; I. viii. 12.
- Pronounce*, pronounce the sentence; III. iii. 88.
- Proof*; "more p.," more capable of resistance; I. iv. 25.
- Proper*, own; I. ix. 57.
- Properly*, as my own personal matter; V. ii. 87.
- Proud*; "p. to be" = proud of being; I. i. 262.
- Provand*, provender (Pope, "provender"); II. i. 259.
- Prove*, put to the proof; I. vi. 62.
- Puling*, whining, whimpering; IV. ii. 52.

Glossary

Pupil age, pupilage, minority (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Pupil-age*") ; II. ii. 101.
Purpose; "our p. to them," of announcing our intention to them (*i.e.* the people) ; II. ii. 155.
Put in hazard, risked ; II. iii. 262.
Put upon, incited, urged ; II. i. 264.
Put you to't, put you to the test ; I. i. 232.
Put you to your fortune, reduce you to the necessity of making the chances of war ; III. ii. 60.
Putting on, instigation ; II. iii. 258.
Quaked, made to shudder ; I. ix. 6.
Quarry, technically, game alive or dead ; here, a heap of dead (a hunting term) ; I. i. 201.
Quarter'd, slaughtered ; I. 202.
Quired, sang in harmony ; III. ii. 113.
Rack'd, strained to the utmost ; V. i. 16.
Rakes, (i.) instruments for raking, (ii.) good for nothing men (used with play on both senses of the word) ; I. i. 24.
Rapt, enraptured ; IV. v. 119.
Rapture, fit ; II. i. 215.
Rascal, originally, a lean and worthless deer ; with play on both meanings of the word ; I. i. 162.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Reason = "there is reason for it" ; IV. v. 241.
 —, argue for ; V. iii. 176.
 —, converse ; I. ix. 58.
Reasons, arguments ; V. vi. 59.
Receipt; "his r.," that which he received ; I. i. 115.
Receive to heart, take to heart ; IV. iii. 22.
Reckless, thoughtless ; III. i. 92.
Recommend, commit the task ; II. ii. 154.
Rectorship, guidance ; II. iii. 211.
Reechy, dirty (literally smoky) ; II. i. 217.
Reek, vapour ; III. iii. 121.
Rejourn, adjourn ; II. i. 73.
Remains, it remains ; II. iii. 145.
Remove; "for the r.," to raise the siege ; I. ii. 28.
Render, render up, give ; I. ix. 34.
Repeal, recall from banishment ; IV. vii. 32.
Repetition, utterance, mention ; I. i. 47.
Report, reputation ; II. i. 122.
 —; "give him good r.." speak well of him ; I. i. 33.
Request, asking the votes of the people ; II. iii. 148.
Require, ask ; II. ii. 159.
Rest, stay ; IV. i. 39.
Restitution; "to hopeless r.," so that there were no hope of restitution ; III. i. 16.
Retire, retreat ; I. vi. (direc.).
Rheum, tears ; V. vi. 46.
Ridges horsed, ridges of house-roofs with people sitting astride of them ; II. i. 219.

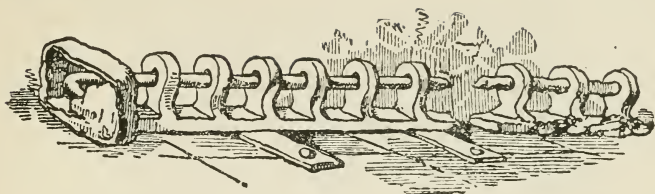
- Ripe aptness*, perfect readiness; IV. iii. 23.
- Road*, inroad; III. i. 5.
- Rome gates*, the gates of Rome; IV. v. 208.
- Roted*, learned by rote; III. ii. 55.
- Rub*, impediment; a term taken from the game of bowls; III. i. 60.
- Ruth*, pity; I. i. 200.
- Safe-guard*; "on s.," under protection of a guard; III. i. 9.
- Sat*, if there sat; III. iii. 70.
- Save you*, i.e. God save you (a common form of salutation); IV. iv. 6.
- Say*, say on, speak; III. iii. 41.
- Scabs*, a term of extreme contempt; here used quibblingly; I. i. 169.
- Scaling*, weighing, comparing; II. iii. 255.
- Scandal'd*, defamed; III. i. 44.
- Scarr'd*, wounded; IV. v. 112.
- Scorn him*, disdain to allow him; III. i. 268.
- Scotched*, cut, hacked; IV. v. 192.
- 'Sdeath*, a contraction of *God's death*, a favorite oath of Queen Elizabeth; I. i. 220.
- Season'd*, "established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use" (Johnson); "well-ripened or matured and rendered palatable to the people by time" (Wright); "qualified, tempered" (Schmidt); III. iii. 64.
- Seeking*, request, demand; I. i. 191.
- Seld-shown*, seldom seen; II. i. 221.
- Self*; "Tarquin's self," Tarquin himself; II. ii. 97.
- Sennet*, a particular set of notes played on the cornet or trumpet; II. i. 170.
- Sensible*, sensitive; I. iii. 89.
- Sensibly*, endowed with feeling; sensibility; I. iv. 53.
- Servanted to*, subject to; V. ii. 86.
- Set down before 's*, besiege us; I. ii. 28.
- Set on*, incited, instigated (? go on!); III. i. 58.
- Set up the bloody-flag*, i.e. declare war (a red flag was the signal for battle); II. i. 77.
- Several*, separate; IV. v. 125.
- Sewing*, embroidering; I. iii. 55.
- Shall*, shall go; III. i. 31.
- Shall's*, shall we go; IV. vi. 148.
- Shame*, be ashamed; II. ii. 70.
- Shent*, reproved, rated; V. ii. 101.
- Shop*, workshop; I. i. 136.
- Should*, would; II. iii. 25.
- Show'd*, would appear; IV. vi. 114.
- Show'st*, appearest; IV. v. 65.
- Shrug*, shrug the shoulders as not believing the story; I. ix. 4.
- Shunless*, not to be shunned or avoided; II. ii. 115.
- Side*, take sides with; I. i. 196.
- Silence*, silent one; II. i. 184.
- Since that*, since; III. ii. 50.

Glossary

Single, insignificant, simple (used quibblingly); II. i. 37.
Singly, by a single person; II. ii. 90.
Singularity; "more than s.," i.e. independently of his own peculiar disposition; I. i. 281.
Sithence, since; III. i. 47.
Sits down, begins the siege; IV. vii. 28.
Slight, insignificant; V. ii. 106.
Slightness, trifling; III. i. 148.
Slip; "let s.," let loose (a hunting term); I. vi. 39.
Small, clear and high; III. ii. 114.
Smote, struck at; III. i. 319.
Soft, gentle; III. ii. 82.
Soldier (trisyllabic); I. i. 119.
Solemnness, gravity; I. iii. 114.
So made on, made so much of; IV. v. 197.
So many so, as many as are so; I. vi. 73.
Some certain, some; II. iii. 59.
Something, somewhat; II. i. 49.
Sometime, at one time, formerly; III. i. 115.
Sooth'd, flattered; II. ii. 76.
Soothing, flattery; I. ix. 44.
 —, flattering; III. i. 69.
Sort, manner; I. iii. 2.
South; "all the contagion of the s. light on you," the south was regarded as the quarter from which diseases and noxious vapours came; I. iv. 30.
Sowl, pull by the ears; IV. v. 207.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Speak, proclaim themselves; III. ii. 41.
Speed, turn out; V. i. 61.
Spices, samples; IV. vii. 46.
Spirit (monosyllabic); II. i. 169.
Spot, figure, pattern; I. iii. 56.
Spritely, lively; IV. v. 231.
Stain, eclipse; I. x. 18.
Stale't, make it stale (Folios, "scale't"); I. i. 95.
Stamp'd, given the impress of truth to; V. ii. 22.
Stand, stop; V. vi. 128.
Stand to, uphold; III. i. 208.
 —, stand by; V. iii. 199.
Stand upon, insist upon; I. ix. 39.
Stand with, be consistent with; II. iii. 90.
State, government; IV. iii. 11.
Stay upon, wait but for; V. iv. 8.
Steep Tarpeian death, death by being hurled from the high Tarpeian rock; III. iii. 88.
Stem, the forepart of a ship; II. ii. 110.
Sticks on, is fixed on like an ornament; I. i. 274.
Stiff, obstinate (perhaps = unable to move); I. i. 244.
Still, always, constantly; II. i. 254.
Stitchery, stitching, needlework; I. iii. 73.
Stocks. (The specimen here engraved was discovered at Pompeii, and is now preserved in the Museo Borbonico at Naples); V. iii. 160.

*Stocks.*

Stood, stood up in defence of;
IV. vi. 45.

Stood to't, made a stand, stood firm; IV. vi. 10.

Store; "good store," good quantity; I. ix. 32.

Stout, proud; III. ii. 78.

Stoutness, pride; III. ii. 127.

Straight, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 119.

Stretch it out, extending its power to the utmost; II. ii. 54.

Stride, bstride; I. ix. 71.

Strucken, struck; IV. v. 152.

Stuck, hesitated; II. iii. 17.

Subdues, subjects him to punishment; I. i. 179.

Subtle, smooth and deceptive;
V. ii. 20.



Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground.
From Strutt's copy of an illumination
in a Book of Prayers belonging to
Douce.

Sudden, hasty; II. iii. 257.

Sufferance, suffering; I. i. 22.

—, endurance; "against all noble s.," beyond the endurance of the nobility; III. i. 24.

Suggest, prompt; II. i. 253.

Summon the town, i.e. to surrender; I. iv. 7.

Surcease, cease; III. ii. 121.

Surer; "no s.," no more to be depended upon; I. i. 175.

Surety, be sureties for; III. i. 178.

Sway, bear sway; II. i. 212.

Swifter composition, making terms more quickly; III. i. 3.

Sworn brother; people who had taken an oath to share each other's fortunes were called *fratres jurati*, sworn brothers; II. iii. 100.

Tabor, a small drum of mediæval origin, usually strapped upon the left arm between wrist and elbow and beaten by the right hand; I. vi. 25. (Cp. illustration).



From a XIVth cent. MS. in the
National Library, Paris.

Ta'enforth, chosen, selected; I. ix. 34.
Ta'en note, noticed; IV. ii. 10.
Tag, rabble; III. i. 248.
Taints, infects; IV. vii. 38.
Take in, subdue, capture; I. ii. 24.
Take up, cope with; III. i. 244.
Taken well, interviewed at a favourable time; V. i. 50.
Tame, ineffectual; IV. vi. 2.
Target, a small shield; IV. v. 123.
Tauntingly, mockingly, disparagingly (Folio 1, "*taintingly*"; Folios 2, 3, "*tantingly*"); I. i. 113.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; III. iii. 28.
Tent, probe; I. ix. 31.
 —, probe (verb); III. i. 236.
 —, tent, encamp; III. ii. 116.
Tetter, infect with tetter, *i.e.* eruption on the skin; III. i. 79.
Than those, than she is to those; I. v. 25.
That's, that has; II. ii. 82.
That's off, that is nothing to the purpose; II. ii. 63.

Thread, file through singly; III. i. 124.
Tiber, figurative for water; II. i. 49.
Tiger-footed, tiger-like, "hastening to seize its prey"; III. i. 312.
Time, immediate present; present time; II. i. 277.
 —, "the t.," *i.e.* the age in which one lives; IV. vii. 50.
'Tis right, it is true, it is just as you say; II. i. 244.
To, according to; I. iv. 57.
 —, compared to; II. i. 121.
 —, against; IV. v. 130.
 —, "to his mother" = for his mother; V. iii. 178.
Told, foretold; I. i. 230.
Took, took effect, told; II. ii. 111.
To's power, to the utmost of his ability, as far as lay in his power; II. i. 254.
To't, upon it; IV. ii. 48.
Touch'd, tested, as metal is tested by the touchstone; II. iii. 197.
Traducement, calumny; I. ix. 22.
Traitor; "their t.," a traitor to them; III. iii. 69.
Translate, transform; II. iii. 195.
Transport, bear, carry; II. i. 232.
Treaty, proposal, tending to an agreement; II. ii. 58.
Trick, trifle; IV. iv. 21.
Triton, Neptune's trumpeter; III. i. 89.

Troth; "o' my t.," on my word
(a slight oath); I. iii. 62.

—, faith; IV. ii. 49.

—, truth; IV. v. 192.

True purchasing, honest earning; II. i. 148.

Trumpet, trumpeter; I. v. 4, 5.

Tuns, large casks, IV. v. 102.

Turn, put; III. i. 284.

Twins, are like twins; IV. iv. 15.

Unactive, inactive; I. i. 101. *

Unbarb'd sconce, unarmed, bare, head (*sconce*, used contemptuously; Becket conj. "*imbarbed*"; Nicholson conj. "*embarbcd*") III. ii. 99.

Unborn; "all cause u.," no cause existing; III. i. 129.

Undercrest, wear as on a crest; I. ix. 72.

Under fiends, fiends of hell; IV. v. 95.

Ungravely, without dignity; II. iii. 231.

Unhearts, disheartens; V. i. 49.

Unlike, unlikely; III. i. 48.

Unmeriting, as undeserving; II. i. 43.

Unproperly, improperly; V. iii. 54.

Uncann'd, inconsiderate; III. i. 313.

Unseparable, inseparable; IV. iv. 16.

Unsever'd, inseparable; III. ii. 42.

Upon, laid upon; III. ii. 141.

—, on account of, in consequence of; II. i. 236.

Upon, against; III. iii. 47.

Used; "as 'twas used," as they used to do; III. i. 114.

Ushers, forerunners; II. i. 167.

Vail, let fall, lower; III. i. 98.

Vantage, advantage, benefit; I. i. 163.

Vantage; "v. of his anger," i.e. the favourable opportunity which his anger will afford; II. iii. 266.

Variable, various, all kinds; II. i. 220.

Vaward, vanguard; I. vi. 53.

Vent, get rid of; I. i. 228.

—; "full of v.," keenly excited, full of pluck and courage (a hunting term); IV. v. 232.

Verified, supported the credit of (or spoken the truth of); V. ii. 17.

Vexation, anger, mortification; III. iii. 140.

Viand, food; I. i. 102.

Virginal, maidenly; V. ii. 44.

Virgin'd it, been as a virgin; V. iii. 48.

Virtue, valour, bravery; I. i. 41.

Voice, vote (verb); II. iii. 240.

Voices, votes; II. ii. 143.

Voided, avoided (Folios "*voided*") ; IV. v. 85.

Vouches, attestations; II. ii. 122.

Vulgar station, standing room among the crowd; II. i. 223.

Wail, bewail; IV. i. 26.

Want, am wanting in; I. iii. 85.

Warm at's heart, i.e. he is gratified; II. iii. 148.

Glossary

Warrant, measures; III. i. 276.
War's garland, laurel wreath,
the emblem of glory; I. ix. 60.
Watch'd, kept guard; II. iii.
132.
Waved, would waver; II. ii. 18.
Waving, bowing; III. ii. 77.
Waxed, grew, throve (Folio 2,
"waited"; Folios 3, 4,
"waited"); II. ii. 103.
Weal, good, welfare; I. i. 154.
—, commonwealth; II. iii.
187.
Wealsmen, statesmen; II. i. 55.
Weeds, garments; II. iii. 159.
Well-found, fortunately met
with; II. ii. 47.
What, why; III. i. 317.
—, exclamation of impa-
tience; IV. i. 14.
Wheel, make a circuit; I. vi. 19.
Where, whereas; I. i. 103.
Where against, against which;
IV. v. 110.
Which, who; I. i. 191.
Whither (monosyllabic); IV.
i. 34.
Who, he who; I. i. 179.
—, whom; II. i. 7.
—, which; III. ii. 119.
Wholesome, suitable, reason-
able; II. iii. 66.
Whom, which; I. i. 267.
Wills; "as our good w.," ac-
cording to our best efforts;
II. i. 250.
Wind, advance indirectly, in-
sinuate; III. iii. 65.

THE TRAGEDY OF

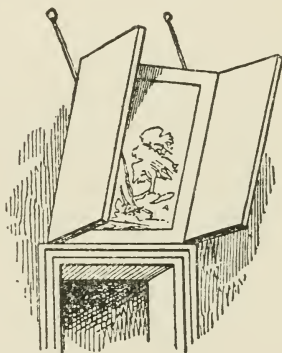
Win upon, gain advantage, get
the better of (Grant White
conj. "win open"); I. i. 223.
With, by; III. iii. 7.
Withal, with; III. i. 141.
With us, as we shall take ad-
vantage of it; III. iii. 30.
Wives, women; IV. iv. 5.
Woollen, coarsely clad; III. ii.
9.
Woolwish toge, "rough hirsute
gown" (Johnson); v. Note;
II. iii. 120.
Word, pass-word, watch-word;
III. ii. 142.
Worn, worn out; III. i. 6.
Worship, dignity, authority;
III. i. 141.
Worst in blood, in the worst
condition; I. i. 162.
Worth; "his w. of contradic-
tion," "his full quota or pro-
portion of contradiction"
(Malone); III. iii. 26.
Worthy; "is w. of," is de-
serving of, deserves; III. i.
211.
—, justifiable; III. i. 241.
Wot, know; IV. v. 167.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. v. 88.
Wrench up, screw up, exert; I.
viii. 11.
Yield, grant; II. ii. 57.
You may, you may, go on, poke
your fun at me; II. iii. 39.
Youngly, young; II. iii. 242.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 177, 179. '*your virtue*, etc.; "your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson).

I. iii. 12. '*Picture-like to hang by the wall*.' "Ancient wall pictures were usually paintings in fresco . . . but the Pompeian wall-paintings furnish us with the annexed curious example of a portable picture (protected by folding leaves) placed over a door, and inclining forward by means of strings secured to rings after the fashion of those in our own houses."



I. iii. 16. '*bound with oak*,' as a mark of honour for saving the life of a citizen.

I. iii. 46. '*At Grecian sword, contemning*,' etc.; Folio 1 reads, '*At Grecian sword. Contemning, tell Valeria*,' etc.; the reading in the text is substantially Collier's; many emendations have been proposed; perhaps a slightly better version of the line would be gained by the omission of the comma.

I. iv. 14. '*that fears you less*'; Johnson conj. '*but fears you less*'; Johnson and Capell conj. '*that fears you more*'; Schmidt, '*that fears you,—less*.' The meaning is obvious, though there is a confusion, due to the case of the double negative in '*nor*' and '*less*.'

I. iv. 31. '*you herd of—Boils*,' Johnson's emendation. Folios 1, 2, '*you Heard of Byles*'; Folios 3, 4, '*you Herd of Biles*'; Rowe, '*you herds of biles*'; Pope (ed. 1), '*you herds; of boils*';

Pope (ed. 2), Theobald, 'you! herds of boils'; Collier MS., 'unheard of boils'; etc., etc.

I. iv. 42. 'trenches followed'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, 'trenches followes'; Collier (ed. 1), 'trenches follow'; (ed. 2), 'trenches. Follow!'; Dyce, Lettsom conj. 'trenches: follow me'; etc.

I. iv. 57. 'Cato's'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, 'Calues' and 'Calves'; Rowe, 'Calvus.'

I. vi. 6. 'ye'; Folios, 'the.'

I. vi. 76. Folios, 'O, me alone! make you a sword of me?'; the punctuation in the text is Capell's. Clarke's explanation, making the line imperative, seems the most plausible:—"O take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me."

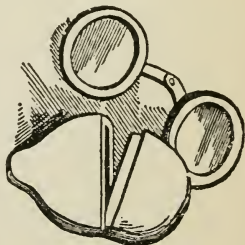
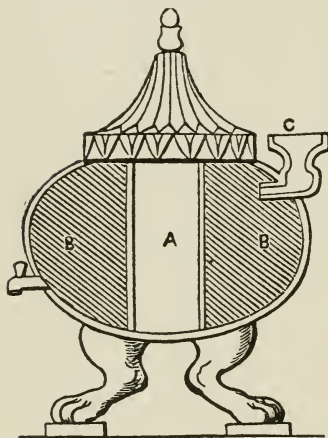
I. ix. 41-53. The chief departure from the folios in this doubtful passage is the substitution of 'coverture' for 'overture,' as conjectured by Tyrwhitt; 'him' is seemingly used here instead of the neuter 'it.'

II. i. 52. 'A cup of hot wine.' Cp. the subjoined drawing of an urn discovered at Pompeii. *A* is a cylindrical furnace, *B B* spaces for holding the liquor to be warmed. This is poured in at *C*, and drawn out by a cock on the other side.

II. i. 221-2. 'the bleared sights are spectacted to see him.' Spectacles were not known till the XIVth century. An early form of them may be seen in the subjoined cut copied from a painting dated 1490.

II. i. 233. 'end,' i.e. to where he should end.

II. i. 263. 'touch,' Hanmer's emendation; Folios, 'teach'; Theobald, 'reach.'



II. iii. 63-64. '*virtues Which our divines lose by 'em,*' i.e. which our divines preach to men in vain'; but the line is possibly corrupt.

II. iii. 120. '*wolvish toge*'; Steevens' conj., adopted by Malone: Folio 1 reads '*Wooluish tongue*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Woolwish gowne*'; Capell, '*wolfish gown*'; Mason conj. '*woollen gown,*' or '*foolish gown*'; Beckett conj. '*woolish gown*'; Steevens' conj. '*woolwish tongue*'; Grant White conj. '*foolish toge*'; Clarke (?) '*wool-nish,*' i.e. '*woolenish.*'

II. iii. 249-251. *vide* Preface.

III. i. 93. '*Hydra here*'; i.e. 'the many-headed multitude'; so Folio 2.

III. i. 98-101. i.e. "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clarke).

III. i. 230. '*your*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*our.*'

III. ii. 21. '*thwartings of*'; Theobald's reading; Folios, '*things of*'; Rowe, '*things that thwart*'; Wright conj. '*things that cross.*'

III. ii. 32. '*to the herd*'; Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*to the heart*'; Collier MS., '*o' th' heart*'; etc.

III. ii. 56. '*though but bastards and syllables*'; Capell, '*but bastards*'; Seymour conj. '*although but bastards, syllables*'; Badham conj. '*thought's bastards, and but syllables.*'

III. ii. 64. '*I am in this*'; Warburton, 'In this advice I speak as your wife, your son,' etc.

III. ii. 69. '*that want,*' i.e. the want of that inheritance.

III. ii. 78. '*Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart*'; Johnson, '*With often,*' etc.; Capell, '*And often*'; Staunton conj. '*While often*'; Nicholson conj. '*Whiles-often*'; Warburton, '*Which soften.*'

III. iii. 35. '*among's,*' i.e. among us; Folio 1, '*among's*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*amongst you*'; Pope, '*amongst you*'; Capell, '*among us.*'

III. iii. 36. '*throng,*' Theobald's and Warburton's emendation of Folios, '*Through.*'

III. iii. 55. '*accents,*' Theobald's correction of Folios, '*actions.*'

III. iii. 130. '*not*'; Capell's correction of Folios, '*but.*'

IV. i. 7-9. '*fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning*'; i.e. "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clarke). Pope, '*gently warded*'; Hanmer, '*greatly warded*'; Collier MS., '*gentle-minded.*'

IV. iv. 23. '*My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon*'; Capell's emendation. Folio 1 reads, '*My Birth-place have I, and my loves upon*'; Folios 2, 3, '*My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon*';

Folio 4, '*My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon*'; Pope, '*My birth-place have I and my lovers left*'; Beckett conj. '*My country have I and my lovers lost,*' etc.

IV. v. 63. '*appearance*'; Folio 1, '*apparance*' (probably the recognised form of the word, representing the pronunciation at the time.

IV. vii. 51-53. The sense of the lines should be to this effect:—"Power is in itself most commendable, but the orator's chair, from which a man's past actions are extolled, is the inevitable tomb of his power." The passage is crude, and many suggestions have been advanced.

IV. vii. 55. '*falter,*' Dyce's ingenious reading; the Camb. ed. following Folios '*fouler.*'

V. i. 69. Many emendations have been proposed to clear up the obscurity of the line. It appears to mean either (i.) that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; or (ii.) that Coriolanus was bound by an oath as to *what he would not*, unless the Romans should yield to his conditions. Johnson proposed to read—

*"What he would not,
Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions,"—*

the rest being omitted. Many attempts have been made to improve the passage, but no proposal carries conviction with it.

V. ii. 77. '*your*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4. '*our.*'

V. ii. 86-88. '*though I owe My revenge properly,*' i.e. '*though revenge is my own, remission belongs to the Volscians.*'

V. vi. 152. '*Trail your steel pikes*'; a mode of showing honour pertaining to the Shakespearian rather than to the classic era. The subjoined illustration is copied from a plate in a volume descriptive of the funeral ceremony of the Prince of Orange at Delft, 1647.



Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Citizens.*] Gervinus thinks that if we observe closely we shall not find the people here represented as so very bad. We must distinguish between the way in which they really act and the way in which the mockers and despisers of the people represent them; we may then soon find that the populace in *Julius Cæsar* appear much worse than in *Coriolanus*. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, where the people had ceased to be of any importance, they no longer appear; in *Julius Cæsar*, where their degeneracy ruined the republic, they are shown in all their weakness; in *Coriolanus*, where they can oppose but not stop the progress of Rome's political career, they appear equally endowed with good and bad qualities.

40. Thus in North's *Plutarch*: "But touching Martius, the only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable, as that his mother might hear every body praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy."

99 *et seq.* The fable of *The Belly and the Members* has been traced far back in antiquity. It is found in several ancient collections of Æsopian fables so that there is as much reason for making Æsop the author of this as of many others that go in his name. Shakespeare was acquainted with a very spirited

version of it in Camden's *Remains*; but he was chiefly indebted for the matter to North's *Plutarch*, where it is very interestingly given.

139. *the seat o' the brain*:—According to the old philosophy, the heart was the seat of the understanding; hence it is here called *the court*. So in a previous speech (line 119): *The counsellor heart*.

162. *Thou rascal*, etc.:—The meaning seems to be, "thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself."

208. *proverbs*:—Trench, speaking of proverbs, says that "in a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'no man of fashion,' as I think is his exact phrase, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who, with all his greatness, is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the people, to utter his scorn of them in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these."

Scene II.

9. *press'd*:—The use of *press'd* in this place is well explained by a passage in North's *Plutarch*: "The common people, being set on a broile and bravery with these words, would not appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *presse* them for the warres. Martius then, who was now growne to great credit, and a stout man besides, rose up and openly spake against these flattering tribunes: but to the warres the people by no means would be brought or *constrained*."

14. *Titus Lartius*:—North's *Plutarch* has been closely followed in this Scene: "In the country of the Volsces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city and of most fame, that was called Corioles, before the which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore all the other Volsces, fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The Consul Cominius, understanding this, dividēd his army also into two parts; and taking the one part with himself,

he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country: and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time) to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them."

Scene III.

[*Volumnia and Virgilia.*] Of this "very graceful scene, in which the two Roman ladies, the wife and mother of Coriolanus, are discovered at their needle-work, conversing on his absence and danger," Mrs. Jameson says that over it "Shakespeare, without any display of learning, has breathed the very spirit of classical antiquity. The haughty temper of Volumnia, her admiration of the valour and high bearing of her son, and her proud but unselfish love for him, are finely contrasted with the modest sweetness, the conjugal tenderness, and the fond solicitude of his wife Virgilia."

16. *bound with oak*:—This incident is related with much spirit in North's *Plutarch*: "The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the Proud did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latines, and many other people of Italy; even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battel by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe; not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romaines, whose greatnesse they both feared and envied. In this battel, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator; and, a Romaine soldier being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slue the enemy with his owne hands, that had before overthrowne the Romaine. Hereupon, after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever saveth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

Scene IV.

53. *Who sensibly outdares*, etc.:—Hudson reads "sensible, outdares." Whitelaw interprets: "The endurance of the man is more wonderful than that of the sword, because he can feel and

the sword cannot, and yet he endures the longer." Sidney's *Arcadia* has a similar thought: "Their very armour by piecemeal fell away from them: yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senseless armour."

56, 57. *a soldier, even to Cato's wish*:—Thus North's *Plutarch*: "For he was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and grimnesse of his countenance." Cato was not born till some 255 years after the death of Coriolanus. The Poet was perhaps led into the anachronism by not observing the difference between historical narrative and dramatic representation.

Scene V.

4. *their hours*:—Several commentators have changed *hours* to *honours*, but *hours* is ascertained to be the right reading by referring to the authority which the Poet followed: "The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the souldiers began incontinently to spoile, to carry away, and to looke up the bootie they had wonne. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cryed out on them, that *it was no time now to looke after spoile*, and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves."

Scene VI.

41 *et seq.* "The author of *Coriolanus*," says Bagehot, "never believed in a mob, and did something towards preventing anybody else from doing so." Shakespeare, he adds, had a disbelief in the middle classes, and no opinion of traders. "You will generally find that when a citizen is mentioned, he is made to do or to say something absurd."

Scene VII.

1. *keep your duties*:—The picture of the commotions of the republic exhibits also the qualities that, restraining those commotions within limits, excluded the last violences of faction and allowed the progress of the state in its imperial career notwith-

standing. We see the regulating as well as the exciting powers and principles—we see the more clearly therefore what danger is ever in waiting, and by the relaxation of what moral restraint it will be fatally admitted, with equal misery, whether by the popular or the patrician side.

Scene VIII.

12. *the whip of your bragg'd progeny*:—The whip or scourge with which your boasted progenitors (*progeny* used, singularly for this) punished their enemies.

14. [*They fight . . . driven in breathless.*] Brandes says: "The hero's bodily strength and courage are strained to the mythical. He forces his way single-handed into a hostile town, holds his own there against a whole army, and finally makes good his retreat, wounded but not subdued. Even Bible tradition, in which divine aid comes to the rescue, cannot furnish forth such deeds. Neither Samson's escape from Gaza (Judges xvi.) nor David's from Keilah (1 Samuel xxiii.) can compare with this amazing exploit."

Scene IX.

10, 11. The meaning appears to be that what he has done here is but as a morsel compared to Marcius's full feast of battle at Corioli.

19. *Hath overta'en mine act*:—"That is, has done as much as I have done, insomuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wished." So says Malone. "The meaning," as Rolfe thinks, "seems rather to be: he that has done his best has come up with me, for that is all I have done."

82 *et seq. I sometime . . . freedom*:—The Poet found this incident thus related in *Plutarch*: "Onely this grace, said he, I crave, and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volsces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liveth now a poore prisoner in the hands of his enemies; and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure, if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave."

Scene X.

10 *et seq.*:—Upon this speech of Aufidius Coleridge remarks: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take for granted that this is in nature; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling, which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment. However, I perceive that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius's character." In connection with this note see Verplanck's observations upon Aufidius (originally made upon these remarks of Coleridge) in the Critical Comments prefixed to this play.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

39-41. The allusion here is to the fable, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.

48, 49. *a cup of hot wine*, etc.:—There is a similar expression in Lovelace's little song, *To Althca, from Prison*:—

"When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no *allaying Thames*;
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames."

51-53. *converses more . . . morning*:—Rather a late lier-down than an early riser. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i. 88, 89: "In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon."

87-89. *Our very priests . . . you are*:—Brandes says: "That Shakespeare held the same political views as Coriolanus is amply shown by the fact that the most dissimilar characters approve of them in every particular, excepting only the violent and defiant manner in which they are expressed. Menenius's description of the tribunes of the people is not a whit less scathing than that of Marcius."

121. *Galen*:—Certain critics have made merry at the Poet for thus making Menenius refer to Galen, the person speaking having lived about 650 years before the person spoken of. Upon whom

does it devolve to determine whether the anachronism were perpetrated in ignorance or in contempt of historical accuracy?

184. *Gracious silence* probably means "thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest." Thus in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Gracious* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *grateful, acceptable*.

271 *et seq.* Here we have another anachronism; the Romans being represented as doing what, in the days of chivalry, was done at tiltings and tournaments in honour of the successful combatant.

Scene II.

[*Enter two Officers, etc.*] Brandes observes that even the voice of one of the two serving-men of the Capitol exalts Coriolanus and justifies his scorn for the love or hatred of the people, the ignorant, bewildered masses. "We perceive," he adds, "that the Poet has taken no particular pains to disguise his own voice."

86-88. *It is held that valour, etc.*:—This thought was evidently borrowed from Plutarch: "Now in those daies, valiantnes was honoured in Rome above all other vertues; which they call by the name of vertue it selfe, as including in that generall name all other specially vertue besides."

98. *struck him on his knee*:—Not that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as made him *fall on his knee*.

Scene III.

55-60. When his friends insist upon his conforming to custom and appearing in person as applicant, Shakespeare, who has hitherto followed Plutarch step by step, here diverges, in order to represent this step as being excessively disagreeable to Marcius. According to the Greek historian, Coriolanus at once proceeds with a splendid retinue to the Forum, and there displays the wounds he has received in the recent wars; but Shakespeare's hero cannot bring himself to boast of his exploits to the people, nor to appeal to their admiration and compassion by making an exhibition of his wounds. He finally yields, but has hardly set foot in the Forum before he begins to curse at the position in which he has placed himself.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Plutarch was by no means prejudiced against the people, and the subject had to be entirely refashioned by Shakespeare before it would harmonize with his mood. The historian may be guilty of serious contradictions in matters of detail, but he endeavours, to the best of his ability, to enter into the circumstances of times which were of hoary antiquity, even to him. The main drift of his narrative is to the effect that Coriolanus had already attained to great authority and influence in the city, when the Senate, which represented the wealth of the community, came into collision with the masses. The people were overridden by usurers, the law was terribly severe upon debtors, and the poor were subjected to incessant dstraint; their few possessions were sold, and men who had fought bravely for their country and were covered with honourable scars were frequently imprisoned. In the recent war with the Sabines the patricians had been forced to promise the people better treatment in the future, but the moment the war was over they broke their word, and dstraint and imprisonment went on as before. After this the plebeians refused to come forward at the conscription, and the patricians, in spite of the opposition of Coriolanus, were compelled to yield.

103, 104. *the great'st taste*, etc.:—Whitelaw explains the passage thus: "The prevailing flavour of the whole smacks rather of their voice than of yours." Judged by results—the taste it leaves in the mouth—this dualized government of compromise gives expression to the popular, rather than to the patrician, will: the tribunical *nay* is stronger than the consular *yea*."

275, 276. *Do not cry havoc*, etc.:—*Havoc*, the signal for general slaughter, was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority. Thus in the Statutes and Ordynaunces of Warre, 1513: "That no man be so hardy to crye *havoke*, upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll." The meaning of the text is, do not give the signal for no quarter when more moderate action may suffice.

304. *clean kam*:—Cotgrave has: "All goes cleane contrarie, quite *kamme*." The word occurs in Richard Hooker's sermon on *The Nature of Pride*: "Where is, then, the obliquity of the mind of man? His mind is perverse, *kam*, and crooked, when it

bendeth so, that it swerveth either to the right hand or to the left, by excess or defect, from that exact rule whereby human actions are measured." *Clean kam* appears to have been corrupted into *kim-kam*; of which word Holland's *Plutarch* furnishes several instances: "First mark, I beseech you, the comparison, how they go clean *kim-kam*, and against the stream, as if rivers run up hills."

Scene II.

13. [*Enter Volumnia.*] Mrs. Jameson says that "in Volumnia, Shakespeare has given us the portrait of a Roman matron, conceived in the true antique spirit, and finished in every part. Although Coriolanus is the hero of the play, yet much of the interest of the action and the final catastrophe turn upon the character of his mother, Volumnia, and the power she exercised over his mind, by which, according to the story, 'she saved Rome and lost her son.' Her lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness, her maternal pride, her eloquence, and her towering spirit, are exhibited with the utmost power of effect; yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigour, is without harshness."

Scene III.

68 *et seq.* Coriolanus's fierce outburst when the name of *traitor* is flung at him proves, as Brandes thinks, that Shakespeare did not look upon treason as a pardonable crime.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1. 2. *the beast with many heads*:—That is, the many-headed multitude. Coriolanus is by no means free from personal pride and ambition, and yet his foremost wish at all times is but the good of his country. A plebeian government, in his eyes, is the greatest of misfortunes. He considers all political rights as connected with birth, because it includes all virtues—love of country, valour and nobility of mind. He is the pure embodiment of the aristocratic principle. Hence the harshness, the stubbornness and the passionate vehemence with which he rejects every com-

promise, every demand which he regards as derogatory; this is the cause of his contempt of the common herd. This contempt is as immoderate, as exaggerated, as his pride and admiration of true personal dignity and virtue.

Scene II.

1. *he's gone, and we'll no further*:—Rome is preserved from cleaving in the midst by the virtues of the state, the reverence for the political majesty which pervades both the contending parties. The senate averts the last evil by timely concession of the tribunitian power first, and then by sacrifice of a favourite champion of their own order, rather than civil war shall break out and all go to ruin in quarrel for the privilege and supremacy of a part. Rather than this they will concede, and trust to temporizing, to negotiating, to management, to the material influence of their position and the effect of their own merits and achievements, to secure their power or recover it hereafter. Among the people, on the other hand, there is also a restraining sentiment, a religion that holds back from the worst abuses of successful insurrection or excited faction. The proposition to kill Marcius is easily given up. Even the tribunes are capable of being persuaded to forego the extremity of rancour against the enemy of the people, and of their authority.

Scene IV.

The matter of this short scene is more fully presented in North's *Plutarch*: "Now in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honoured among the Volsces as a king. Martius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him than he did all the Romans besides: because that many times, in battles where they met, they were ever at the encounter one against another, like lusty courageous youths striving in all emulation of honour, and had encountered many times together. Insomuch as, besides the common quarrel between them, there was bred a marvellous private hate one against another. Yet notwithstanding, considering that Tullus Aufidius was a man of great mind, and that he above all other of the Volsces most desired revenge of the Romans, for the injuries they had done unto them: he did an act that confirmed the words of an ancient poet to be true, who said:—

‘It is a thing full hard, man’s anger to withstand,
 If it be stiffy bent to take an enterprise in hand.
 For then most men will have the thing that they desire,
 Although it cost their lives therefore, such force hath wicked
 ire.’

And so did he. For he disguised himself in such array and attire, as he thought no man could ever have known him for the person he was, seeing him in that apparel he had upon his back: and as Homer said of Ulysses:—

‘So did he enter into the enemies’ town.’

It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius’s house.”

Scene V.

68 *et seq.* The quick change that takes place in the demeanour of Coriolanus, after his sentence of banishment, is most expressive: his nature is now in truth subjected by a deeper feeling than it ever owned before. He who could not soothe either populace, tribunes or patricians, is seen an actual dissimulator for the time, as he urges composure—himself apparently composed, on his wailing and indignant family and mourning friends. For the first time he has embraced a bold counsel, and holds it concealed. In the presence of his former hated enemy Tullus, he learns such deliberate and impressive speech that gains him over immediately, and the feelings of the Volscian are the subject of a revulsion as sudden as those of Coriolanus himself.

216, 217. *directitude*:—“The third servant,” says Clarke, “wishing to use a fine long word and intending to coin some such term as *discredit* from *discredit*, or *dejectitude* from *dejectedness* (Shakespeare using the words *discredit*, *deject*, and *dejected* in such a way as to countenance either of these suggestions), blunders out his grandiloquent *directitude*. The author’s relish of the joke is pleasantly indicated by his making the first servant repeat the word amazedly, as if not knowing what to make of it, and ask its meaning; and then making the third servant avoid the inconvenient inquiry by not noticing it, but running on with his own harangue.”

Scene VI.

1. *We hear not of him*, etc.:—The expulsion of Coriolanus is proof and witness of the young vitality of the body politic, which is able thus harmlessly and decisively to thrust out an element that is hostile; for Coriolanus is a type of all the trouble and mischief that befel the republic in ensuing years, from the traitorous selfishness of otherwise well-meriting servants that it retained within its bosom.

Scene VII.

34. *osprey*:—This fine allusion is well explained by the following from Drayton's *Polyolbion*, xxv. 134:—

“The *ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt’nous maw.”

And in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:—

“I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
That, as she flieth over fish in pools,
The fish shall turn their glistening bellies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1:—

“Your actions
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch.”

37-43. *whether 'twas pride . . . cushion*:—“Aufidius,” says Johnson, “assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion*, or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.”

49, 50. *So our virtues*, etc.:—Whitelaw explains the passage as follows: “Our virtues are virtues no longer if the time interprets

them as none. The soldier who is all soldier is misinterpreted in time of peace; for his unfitness for peace is seen, his fitness for war is not seen."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

50. This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings.

59, 60. "In the last Act," says Lloyd, "when old Menenius consents to try his influence, the tribune assures him, 'You know the very road into his kindness, and cannot lose your way'; and whatever oddity there may be in the way he attempts, I do not doubt it was that which he thought, and justly, gave him the best chance. 'Shakespeare wanted a buffoon,' says Johnson in reference to Menenius, 'and he went into the senate-house for that with which the senate-house would most certainly have supplied him.' Johnson had not reported and written debates for the Lords' house without making some observations; but as regards Menenius, it is unfair to call him a buffoon, for he evinces so much sober earnestness in the scenes of the senate-house, that he would not have failed had the occasion invited such a display again."

Scene III.

22 *et seq.* Mrs. Jameson says: "When the spirit of the mother and the son are brought into immediate collision, he yields before her; the warrior who stemmed alone the whole city of Corioli, who was ready to face 'the steep Tarpeian death, or at wild horses' heels,—vagabond exile—flaying,' rather than abate one jot of his proud will—shrinks at her rebuke. The haughty, fiery, overbearing temperament of Coriolanus, is drawn in such forcible and striking colours, that nothing can more impress us with the real grandeur and power of Volumnia's character than his boundless submission to her will—his more than filial tenderness and respect."

94 *et seq.* Again Mrs. Jameson: "The triumph of Volumnia's character, the full display of all her grandeur of soul, her patriotism, her strong affections, and her sublime eloquence, are reserved

for her last scene, in which she pleads for the safety of Rome, and wins from her angry son that peace which all the swords of Italy and her confederate arms could not have purchased. The strict and even literal adherence to the truth of history is an additional beauty." This famous speech, ending with line 182, closely follows the spirit and letter of Plutarch, as rendered by North: "My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty [an honour] for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? Dost thou take it honourable for a nobleman to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest nobleman's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally showest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy. And, therefore, it is not only honest [honourable], but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?" And with these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him.

Scenes IV.=V.

With scarcely the intervention of any speaker of superior gravity to Menenius, the return and reception of the successful embassy of ladies and their demeanour are set before us with such simple force as to excite our veneration for the state deservedly destined to be imperial. The last encounter of the ladies and the city was marked by the mad petulance of Volumnia enraged at her loss, and the pettish lamentations of Virgilia; they now pass along after a still greater private loss—for hope of the return of Coriolanus is over—silent and dignified, and all the members of the state that were before opposed, unite to accompany them with honour, and senators and patricians, tribunes and people, forget all past disputes in joy and gratitude for the salvation of the state which none was false to in its hour of utmost peril.

Scene VI.

132. *Kill*:—In the concluding Scene we appear to see the supremacy of Rome assured, by her former faults and excesses appearing to be expelled with the banished Coriolanus to her enemies. In the capitol of the Volscians is perpetrated the assassination from the disgrace of which the better spirit of the Romans preserved their city; Aufidius and his fellows with equal envy and ingratitude take the place of the plotting tribunes, and the senators are powerless to control the conspirators and the mob of citizens who abet them. For Coriolanus himself it cannot be said that his mercy to his native city either sprung from or engendered a nobler sentiment of patriotism than he had shown himself capable of entertaining before; he returns the soldier of the Volscian as he went, and the only alleviation that his fate admits is that it is at least by an outburst of his original nature, faulty as it might be, that he provokes it, and that, carried away by passion and impatience, he dies at least in declared exultation at an exploit performed when he was the glorious soldier of Rome.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Questions on Coriolanus.

ACT FIRST.

1. Why does the play open with a scene presenting the common people?
2. In what respects does this mob resemble the Jack Cade mob presented in *2 Henry VI.*?
3. What opinion of Caius Marcius is held by the citizens?
4. How does Menenius make application of the fable of *The Belly and the Members*?
5. Mention some of the things that Caius Marcius says about the common people in his first speech. What does he say about the use of proverbs? What said Lord Chesterfield about the same?
6. Is it Shakespeare's usual method to introduce a character in this way? Does the situation develop the attitude of Caius Marcius, or does he seem to come forth as the possessor of an habitual mood?
7. Why does Caius Marcius welcome the news of the belligerency of the Volscians? What is foreshadowed in what he says of Tullus Aufidius?
8. What is the comment on Marcius made by the tribunes after his withdrawal?
9. What is effected by Sc. ii.?
10. In Sc. iii., where Volumnia first appears, what is the subject of her discourse and what national trait does it display? How is Virgilia contrasted with her? What interests her imagination?
11. How is cruelty as a trait ascribed to Marcius?
12. How is the iron temper of the times indicated by the domestic picture shown in Sc. iii.? For what does Virgilia stand?
13. Describe the battle incidents of Sc. iv. and indicate their effect upon Marcius.
14. How is Marcius presented in Sc. v.; how in Sc. vi.?
15. Does Sc. viii. bear out the reality of all the boasting of Marcius? Is the incident suitable for representation?

16. How does Marcius receive the honours of war? Compare Plutarch's account of the incident of the prisoner for whom Coriolanus begged release with Shakespeare's presentation of it.

17. What terms are granted to the Volscian city? How does Aufidius speak of Coriolanus?

ACT SECOND.

18. What account of himself does Menenius give in Sc. i.? Has he humour; has he patrician arrogance? Compare him with Lafau in *All's Well that Ends Well*.

19. How does he contrast with Coriolanus in his opinion of the plebeian orders?

20. Indicate the purpose of the scene between Menenius and the women. Is Volumnia indifferent to the honours that proceed from the common people?

21. How is Coriolanus welcomed home by his mother; how by his wife?

22. What of his courtesy to women?

23. Where does Coriolanus first go in the city?

24. In what spirit does Brutus describe the crowd (lines 213-229) that go out to meet Coriolanus?

25. What do the tribunes fear from Coriolanus's elevation? What dramatic purpose is effected by lines 232-234?

26. What had Coriolanus said about the manner of suing for the consulship? What schemes for his defeat do the two tribunes meditate?

27. How is the enveloping atmosphere of the play indicated in the dialogue of the two Officers in Sc. ii.?

28. What provocation did Brutus give for the outbreak of Coriolanus in the senate?

29. Against what prerogative of the commons does Coriolanus inveigh? What motive prompts him? Do his words react against him?

30. How (Sc. iii.) do the citizens reason? How does the preliminary of the Scene prepare for the public appearance of Coriolanus?

31. What feelings bred by his egotism does Coriolanus show at the outset? How are the three scenes of petitioning differentiated? Has Coriolanus any better excuse than personal repugnance to deter him from asking the people for their voices?

32. How are the commons wrought upon to withdraw the promises they have given?

ACT THIRD.

33. With what ominous sounds does Sc. i. open? Is there irony in lines 19, 20?

34. What does Coriolanus say of the free distribution of corn? What measure of political wisdom does he utter during his indignant rejoinder to Sicinius?

35. Were not the commons right in rejecting him as consul?

36. How is the brawl fomented? Does Coriolanus bear himself with dignity? Is there heard ever a word of criticism of him from his fellow patricians?

37. What influence has Menenius upon the crowd?

38. Does Volumnia in Sc. ii. counsel prudence? Is she superior to her son in mental power?

39. Comment upon the ethics of her speech beginning line 52. What motive impels her to urge her son to conciliate the angry people?

40. What leads Coriolanus to yield? With what presage of success does he go forth?

41. How does Sicinius prepare for the appearance of Coriolanus?

42. What instinct leads Coriolanus to turn inquisitor first? What stirs up his anger again?

43. Was there consideration in the sentence passed upon him?

44. Indicate the effect of his final speech. Being the apotheosis of egotism, what does it need behind it to carry conviction?

ACT FOURTH.

45. What is the unconscious irony of Coriolanus's words, Sc. i. 4?

46. Was it maternal love or disappointed ambition that caused Volumnia to forget her patriotism?

47. How does Sc. ii. present Volumnia? How is the action advanced by Sc. iii.?

48. How does Coriolanus philosophize in Sc. iv.? What connecting link in the action is here supplied?

49. Characterize the humour of the scene of the parley of Coriolanus with the servants of Aufidius.

50. In Coriolanus's account of himself to Aufidius what injustice does he do the nobles of Rome? How does this show his egotism and the narrowness of his vision?

51. In the reply of Aufidius how much is due to poetic passion and how much to manners now made obsolete?

52. What future action do they determine upon?

53. Point out the humour of the servants' talk following.

54. What truth and irony are expressed in Sicinius's speech opening Sc. vi.? How is the speech translated into action?

55. Compare the manner in which the news of the Volscian prisoner is received by Menenius and by Sicinius and Brutus. What traits of class are illustrated thereby?

56. How does Menenius misunderstand Coriolanus?

57. What effect is made upon nobles and upon commons by the news that the Volscians approach, led by Coriolanus? How is the general drift of the play as a comment on democracy sub-served?

58. What is the nature of the complaint of Aufidius against Coriolanus? Does he point the defect in the latter?

59. Show the underlying irony of this Act as exhibiting the falling action.

ACT FIFTH:

60. How in the report of Cominius is Coriolanus shown to feel towards Rome? What has he done with friendship; with filial and family affections?

61. How does Menenius plan to prepare him for his own requests? How is he received in the Volscian camp?

62. Where is Sc. iii. prepared for? What yielding was there towards Menenius? What does Coriolanus say at the entrance of his mother and his wife?

63. How is he finally affected by their appearance?

64. Trace the stages of emotion in Volumnia's plea. What passion is supreme in her? What is the effect of the two lines spoken by young Marcus?

65. In yielding to his mother what does Coriolanus surrender?

66. What is the effect of the comments of Menenius in Sc. iv.?

67. What cover has Aufidius for his jealous perfidy?

68. What report does Coriolanus make to the lords of the Volscians? What trait is exhibited in his taking up Aufidius's insult, *Boy*?

Questions

69. Does the play close with the note of optimism observable in some of Shakespeare's tragedies?

70. What is the underlying philosophy of this play?

71. Comment on the perfection as well as simplicity of its construction.

72. Hazlitt has called Coriolanus "a perfect character." Other critics have spoken of him as the personification of a mood. Is there disagreement between the two; and which, in your opinion, is right?

73. Does this play suggest the methods in which Marlowe usually worked?

74. Does this play more than some others suggest a set purpose on the part of the dramatist to inculcate something of his own political philosophy? What constructive peculiarities seem to bear out the view?

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